Saturday Review of Literature

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Jacques Barzun, author of "Berlioz and the Romantic Century." (See page 11)

Commissars of Loyalty

By DIXON WECTER

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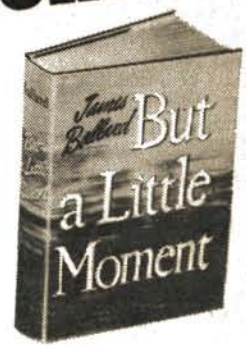
Three books with something new to offer—

A NEW TALENT

But a Little Moment

By JAMES BALLARD

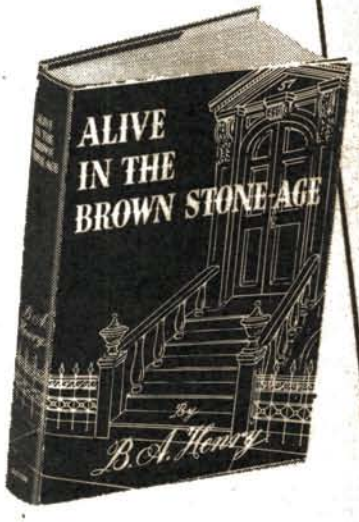


JASON ALLEN was at war — with his family and with the world. Passionately anxious "not to be touched, not to be hurt, not to be broken," he felt that he must never be entangled in the lives of others. It took the love of a woman to teach Jason that to withdraw from emotional entanglements is to withdraw from life itself. A long novel of enormous vitality, notable for its genuine American quality, by an author who is likely to rank high on the list of important literary figures of the coming decade. $3.75

A NEW LOOK AT A PLEASANT PERIOD OF AMERICAN LIFE

Alive in the Brown Stone-Age

By B. A. HENRY

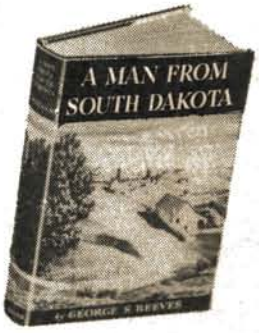


A WARM and delightful record of family life in Yorkville — that section of New York, prosperously and decorously inhabited by German-American families at the turn of the century. Here you'll meet Otto, the watchman, who had fought in the Franco-Prussian War; May, true queen of the belowstairs affairs; Mother, Father and, of course, Grandpa, the real head of the family. These were only a few of the inhabitants of a block of brownstone houses, eighteen on the north side, seventeen on the south. "It has the texture and the feel of an urban existence still unfevered and unhurried. You can read this story of No. 57 East Eighty-first Street — in the heart of what is now called Yorkville — at one sitting, and you will do so with absorption and delight." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $2.50

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW TYPE OF RANCHER

A Man from South Dakota

By GEORGE S. REEVES *Winner of the Avery Hopwood Major Award, 1949*



"GEORGE S. REEVES, the man from South Dakota, is a writing phenomenon, and a welcome one. Educated for journalism, he went directly from college to a Dakota ranch and spent almost twenty years there raising wheat and sheep, fighting blizzards, dust storms and a whole list of ranch hazards. Finally successful as a rancher, he has now turned to writing in earnest, has won the Avery Hopwood Major Award with his first book and has a novel on its way. This first book is autobiographical and a splendid piece of work, so good that one awaits his first novel with more than usual interest."—*Hal Borland, N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.00

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May 13, 1950

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Happy birthday to "Q"

FIFTY years ago THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch made its initial bow. Secure in their fallibility, the critics threw rocks at him. "We are unable to satisfy ourselves," said the London *Saturday Review*, "that he has comprehended the greatness of his task." Forty years and twenty-one printings later, when the book had sold some half-million copies and "Q" had revised it, Paul Jordan-Smith writing in the Los Angeles Times commented, "THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE is probably more highly prized among poetry lovers than is any other English anthology." Today you get a bargain in a time when bargains are rare. (1200 pages. In cloth, $5.00, on India paper, $6.00. Pigskin, full gilt, blue or maroon, $12.50. Polished Morocco, blue or maroon, $15.00.) "Q" has been dead these six years; his monument endures.

The Lady's not for Burning

By CHRISTOPHER FRY

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Philadelphia, the John C. Winston Company, engaged in a revision of "Walsh's Quotations," asked Bernard Shaw to select his most noteworthy contribution to philosophy. Shaw chose "If you begin by sacrificing yourself to those you love, you will end by hating those to whom you have sacrificed yourself. Self-sacrifice is suicide."

• • In New York, a Peabody Radio Award went to Martin Stone's excellent "Author Meets the Critic" program, fitting recognition for years of honest effort. This program sells books—especially when the participants really let their hair down and don't pull punches.

• • In the Belgian Congo, a brave American woman set up a dispensary to treat stricken Bantus, Housas, pygmies, and other natives of the region, became their almost legendary heroine. Now a novel she has based on her experiences, "White Witch Doctor," will be published by the Westminster Press and distributed by the Literary Guild as its August selection.

• • In Chicago, writes Hazel Duncan, Harry Shaw of Harper's addressed the National Association of Book Women and started off by telling them about the time he gave his all in a talk to a New England literary circle. He felt rather pleased with himself as the lecture progressed and felt that he had the audience in the palm of his hand. When he concluded an old woman rushed up to him. Shaw beamed in anticipation of the usual complimentary palaver but what she said was, "I didn't like what you said and I certainly didn't like the way you said it." The mortified chairwoman, seeking to reassure him, whispered, "Don't pay any attention to that old crackpot, Mr. Shaw. She just runs around repeating what she hears everyone around her saying." . . . At another meeting of the NABW, Randy Williams, general manager of Macmillan, declared that selling books "required the power of suggestion rather than a ton of equipment." As an example, he told how Macmillan had sold 200,000 copies of "The Secretary's Handbook." "There was no such thing as a list of private secretaries," said Williams, "so we acquired the next best thing: a list of important men who certainly had one secretary and probably more. To each of these gentlemen we addressed a letter with the slogan 'Don't Fire Your Secretary!' emblazoned on the envelope. Of course, nine out of ten secretaries tore open the letters themselves to see what was inside. What they found was so glowing a tribute to 'The Secretary's Handbook' they insured themselves against being fired by ordering a copy immediately." An eager student drank in Mr. Williams's words and wrote in her notebook, "Always open the boss's mail."

• • In Boston, a dubious critic put down a beautiful authoress's new novel and wondered audibly, "Is our heroine's Craft Ebbing?"

• • In his publicity department's office, Stanley Rinehart picked up an advance copy of Jan Valtin's "Wintertime," observed, "Many scientists have produced rain in April, but only Rinehart can produce Wintertime in May." (They say it's a good book anyhow.)

• • In Paris, Meyer Levin, author of "The Old Bunch" and "Citizens," unable to come to terms with an American publisher for an unabridged edition of his new book, "In Search," obeyed an impulse shared by countless other authors under similar circumstances: he published the book himself under the colophon of "Authors' Press" (46 Quai Henri IV, $3.50 a copy). Result: a passionate, compelling story of personal experiences, concentration camps, and the war in Palestine—that could have been improved by judicious editorial blue-penciling.

• • In St. Louis, a rather flushed maiden lady invaded the Doubleday Shop, cornered a clerk, and whispered, "I'd like a copy of Schlesinger's 'The Vital Centaur.'" Another customer asked for Giradoux's "The Madwoman of Chillicothe."

• • In New York, Corey Ford, whose article about the penalties of growing old was lifted from *Collier's* by everybody from an insurance broker in Hartford to an undertaker in Cotopaxi, was hoping to make a couple of bucks out of it himself via an attractive Doubleday dollar book called "How to Guess Your Age," with illustrations by Gluyas Williams.

• • In Hoboken, a Rutgers professor won this year's Irwin (the award for absent-mindedness) by forgetting his car was aboard a Forty-second Street ferry and trundling off aboard a suburban bus. Ten minutes later he frantically dashed back to find the crew towing his car off the ferry and owners of the vehicles stalled behind it airing their vocabularies. "Hey, that's my car," cried the professor. A policeman stared at him open-mouthed, tore up a report he was compiling, and called up to the

"There must be some mistake—the catalogue says this room is now occupied by Dr. Karl Shuppman's class in the fundamentals of business law."

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THEM WAS THE DAYS

By MARTHA FERGUSON McKEOWN

Who can forget Mont Hawthorne's heroic, hilarious gold-rush days as described in *The Trail Led North,* a book that reviewers called "rich," "salty," "fascinating," and "whacking good"? Now comes the saga of Mont's pioneering boyhood—sweeping from a Virginia plantation, to the Nebraska prairies, to the gold fields of the Black Hills, and on to the dazzling beauty of San Francisco. An even more wonderful combination of adventure, humor, American history and human interest than the first book! $3.50

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One of the most extraordinary stories of modern literature is to be found in the troubled later life of the author of *Unforgotten Years* and *Trivia.* Here a young disciple and protégé tells this little-known story, and draws a moving portrait of the great prose stylist, including many of his remarkable letters. $3.50

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Bust by Suzanne Nicholas

"ONE of the great minds to come to maturity in our present century" (*Washington Star*), ALDOUS HUXLEY has been variously termed satirist, caricaturist, philosopher, moralist, iconoclast, rebel, prophet, critic, and latter-day mystic. His books—*Brave New World, The Perennial Philosopher, Grey Eminence, Point Counter Point*, among many others—testify to a brilliant achievement that no other living writer has surpassed.

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TO THE WORLD!!

J. Quinn Thornton,

Having resorted to low, cowardly and dishonorable means, for the purpose of injuring my character and standing, and having refused honorable satisfaction, which I have demanded; I avail myself of this opportunity of publishing him to the world as a reclaimless liar, an infamous scoundrel, a black hearted villain, an arrant coward, a worthless vagabond and an imported miscreant, a disgrace to the profession and a dishonor to his country

JAMES W. NESMITH.

OREGON CITY, JUNE. 7. 1847

In Eugene, Oregon, "a flock of orders."

pilot house, "Stop worrying, Captain. Here's the body."

• • In Eugene, Oregon, U. of O. Editor George Belknap garnered a flock of orders for McMurtrie's "Oregon Imprints 1847-1870" by circulating the above provocative display-card.

• • In Virginia City, Lucius Beebe, ex-cicerone of the *New York Herald Tribune*, has moved into the old home of John Piper, of Piper's Opera fame, and with co-owner and collaborator Chuck Clegg will begin work on a pictorial history of American railroading from 1830 to the present day. "Bathroom snobbery is rampant in Virginia City," reports Lucius. "Walter Van Tilburg Clark's has a fine view of Six Mile Canyon which ours has not. But we have the only *bidet* in Nevada."

• • In Hamilton, reports the *Bermudian*, a formidable lady spent an hour poring over the stock of the Bermuda Book Store. After rejecting countless suggestions, she finally decided, "Oh, well, I'll take this one." The clerk gave her a startled look and then said gently, "But, madam, this is the book you brought in with you."

• • In Baton Rouge, the Louisiana State Library—one of the country's best—celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday with a luncheon that paid special tribute to its own Essae M. Culver, first woman from a Southern library to be elected president of the A.L.A.

• • In Pleasantville, the *Reader's Digest*, cleaning out its files, discovered stencils for "Rand McHouse" and "Mr. N. O. Thanks."

• • In Greencastle, Indiana, a De Pauw co-ed asked Richard Llewellyn, "What is woman's place in journalism?" The author of "How Green Was My Valley" replied heartily, "On the editorial couch, my girl, on the editorial couch."

• • In Boston, the *Globe's* society page frequently chronicles the activities of the beautiful and brilliant Marchesa de Santillana but neglects to add that the Marchesa once edited the book section of the same newspaper. In those days, of course, the Marchesa was known as Dorothy Hillyer, and a good egg on every count.

• • In the Pump Room, the wife of a local VIP and Merle Miller engaged in the following illuminating conversation. "What do you do?" "I'm a writer." "How nice! What's your name?" "Merle Miller." "And what name do you write under?" "Fulton J. Sheen." "Really! I must ask my husband to bring home one of your little books." . . .

• • In San Francisco, Lieberman's tried something brand new to boom book trade. With every purchase totaling $3.50 or more they gave one can of Norwegian sardines. Worked fine, too. And in Manchester, England, a publisher ran this classified ad: "Millionaire, young, handsome, wishes to meet, with an eye to marriage, a girl like the heroine in X's novel." In less than twelve hours every copy of the novel in the city's bookshops was sold. As the famous Hollywood mogul said when he saw his first sun-dial, "What won't they think of next?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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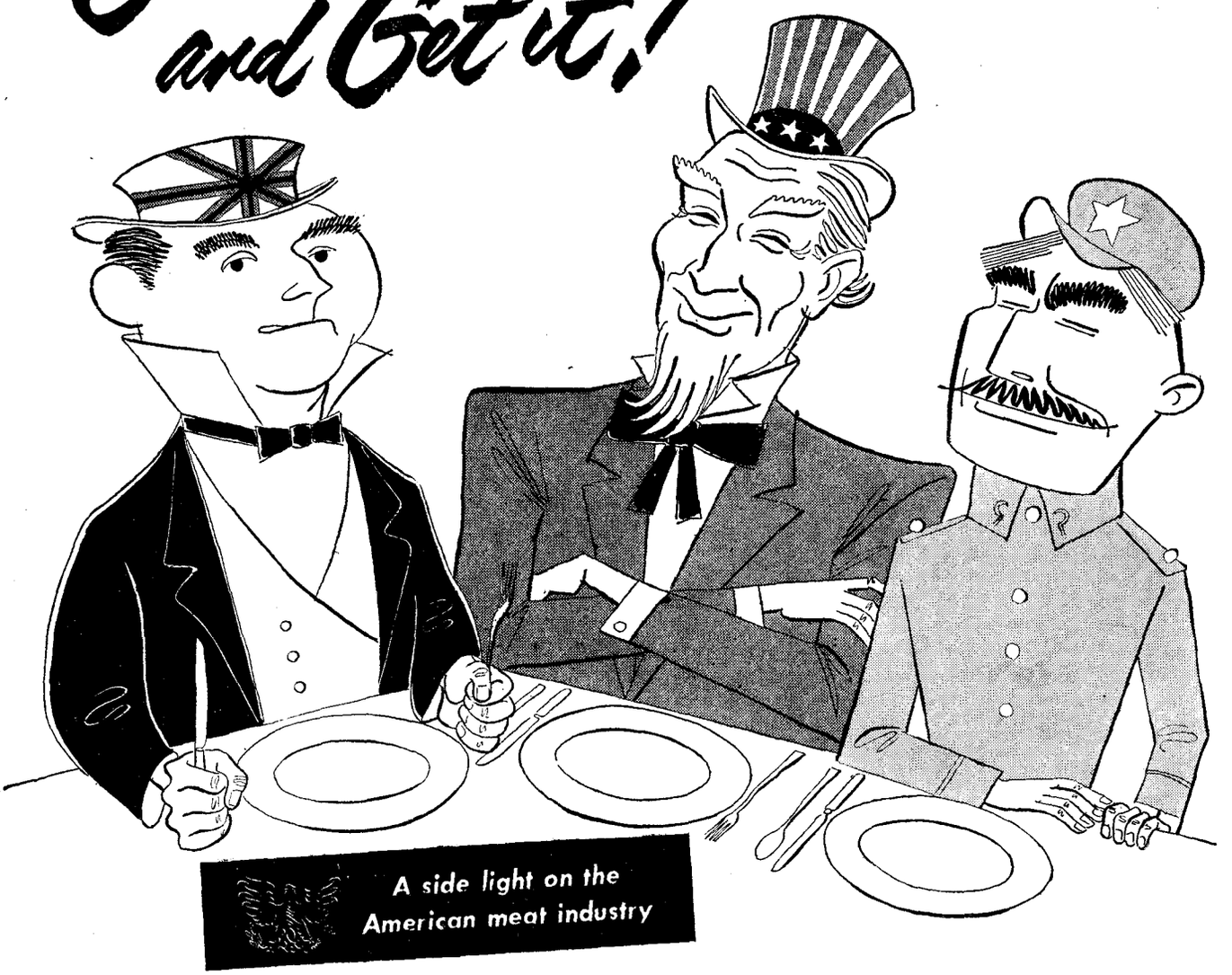
Come and Get it!



A side light on the American meat industry

When Mama says "Come and get it," it doesn't mean the same thing at every table in every land.

In Joe Stalin's bailiwick it means mostly beet soup and black bread—and *that's all*, Comrade! If Ivan Ivanovitch wants to keep up with the American Joneses and could find 11 pounds of meat a week for his family of four, he'd have to work almost 35 hours to pay for it.

In our country, the average family of four eats more than eleven pounds of meat each week, which takes about five hours of Papa's pay.

In England these days, since meat is mighty scarce and rationed at the rate of a few cents' worth a week, a sliver or two has to flavor a lot of Brussels sprouts.

How come the difference since Americans aren't the only people who have a native-born liking for meat?

One answer is—In America we have competition in business.

In meats, it goes something like this: 4,000 different meat-packing companies compete daily for enough meat animals to keep their production lines busy, then turn around and compete for the privilege of putting meats into retail shops. The retailer then competes with the store across the street for the nods of housewives.

And when there's competition in the market place, there's not likely to be need for competition at the dinner table.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Commissars of Loyalty

DIXON WECTER

NOT MANY years ago college professors were generally regarded as figures of fun, innocents, and milquetoasts. George Santayana benignly called them "tame song-birds in their cages, who have preferred fidelity to adventure," while Upton Sinclair more caustically pictured colleges and their teachers as goose-steppers in the wake of Big Business, hopeful that some crumbs of patronage would drop along the way. Those were also the days when our State Department was widely thought to be the very fortress of conservatism. But time has erased both images, substituting new caricatures —upon the editorial pages of McCormick and Hearst with their exposure of subversive "architects of foreign policy" and "Red-ucators," and thence upon the retinas of many really honest Americans.

Both the State Department and the university campus are discovered to be hot-beds of cunning and malignant radicalism. Why radicals are always found in hot-beds—as distinguished no doubt from the cold frames of conservatism—has never been wholly clear, but let the figure pass. That an occasional Communist has worn the striped trousers of diplomacy or the baggy pants of academicism is highly probable. But can members of other professions swear their ranks have never been infiltrated at any point, say, by the Marxist lawyer or journalist, the fellow-traveling Congressman, or the Robin Redbreast cleric? The inroads of foreign propaganda are, I believe, not demonstrably greater in one than the other.

To attaint with public suspicion any professional group in America is, by any standards, a sad business. Like every calculated appeal to prejudice, it buries the merit or demerit of the individual under the vicious sweep of generalities. Distrust by association is its essence. Suspicion releases into the common air a poison gas that spreads far and wide, tending always to settle into the low ground, among the craters of old feuds and battlegrounds—the taxpayer's distrust of bureaucrats, the tension between business and government, the tabloid-reader's opinion of high-brows, the cleavage betwixt town and gown, and here and there the gaping fissures of religio-racial bigotry. And whether attached to professional groups or individuals the Communist label, though it can't be made to stick, leaves some of its smear behind.

Among institutions that have been built long and patiently upon public confidence—in the assumed integrity of their members—this attack can be devastating. To claim immunity from criticism is fortunately no American's inalienable right. But the assaults of irresponsibility, directed so often by politicians seeking self-advertisement at bargain rates, against our highest type of public servant—an Acheson, a Lilienthal, a Forrestal—are well calculated to dry up the idealism of such service at its source. In the same way the onslaught upon free universities is sure to close the teaching profession to those most sorely needed, namely young men and women of brains and conscience in search of something besides its modest financial rewards.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"A Tough Shot Even for William Tell."

THIS spring the national spotlight has been reserved by the junior Senator from Wisconsin, who ingeniously has contrived to pick as his victim a gentleman who is both a college professor and occasional adviser to the State Department and thus labors under a dual burden of guilt by association. Clearly enough in this political year, McCarthy is the puppet of party determinism, and no subtler explanation of his behavior need be required. Operating upon the same plane is South Dakota's Senator Mundt, with his repeated demand for legislation which predicates "a clear and present danger" from the one-twentieth of 1 per cent of our population that belongs to the Communist Party. (If we cannot be the land of the free, as Harvard Professor Chafee says, then at least let us be the home of the brave and stop arguing ourselves into a state of self-intimidation.)

Our greatest internal danger today is that the American citizen, watching his Soviet adversary so intently as to be hypnotized by him, should fall unconsciously into making imitative gestures: the petty police and the neighborhood spy, the abolition of free speech and thought and association, and the tribal worship of the State. Such imitation is a flattery which I for one do not wish to pay the USSR, in tacit confession that the way of Molotov and Beria is superior to that of Mr. Jefferson and Justice Holmes. And let it be recognized that mere anti-Communism, however violent and vocal, gives no man a peculiarly holy sanction. Hitler, too, was an anti-Com-

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munist when it suited his designs for power.

Colleges and universities always offer vulnerable targets. Almost any attack upon them enlists a latent mistrust of the so-called intellectual, which is commoner than we like to think. "We have too many philosophers already," wrote even so sensible a man as old John Adams, discouraging a band of scientists from the Institute of France who wanted to visit America with an idea of improving the sciences. "I begin to think that the learned academies . . . have disorganized the world."

This virus of suspicion sometimes attacks individuals—ranging from a former president of Texas University whose regents sacked him because he was a New Dealer and suspect of heresy over the moral beauty of white supremacy, down to a young Baptist preacher-professor fired last year from Indiana's Evansville College because he introduced Henry Wallace at an off-campus meeting although a jury of his peers found him "a stimulating teacher." Lately the Western state universities have been under fire. Possibly the West is a shade more naive than the East. Perhaps the Pacific Coast has never fully recovered from the wartime panic that expelled the Nisei. The Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, along with local chapters of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and some veterans' groups —forces that recently pressured the California Legislature into rescinding its brave step of 1949 toward world government—are swayed by provincialism compounded with nationalism.

Moreover a state university is foredoomed to fight a ceaseless battle against political blocs and caprices. Its annual budget lies within the legislator's palm. Too often in facing these pressure groups the Western state campus lacks those seasoned traditions and endowments which enabled Harvard, for instance, in 1949 to tell a self-appointed inquisitor to go to hell—obeying the same priceless reflex that led it in World War I to reject a $5,000,000 gift rather than fire Hugo Münsterberg. Columbia, Yale, and Chicago have resisted similar pressures, open or covert.

On the other hand, University of Wyoming trustees a couple of years ago ordered a scrutiny of textbooks for "subversive matter"—in the same alarm shown in 1949 by Georgia's Congressman John S. Wood, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, when he called upon some seventy colleges to turn over lists of texts and outside readings to his committee, "in the fields of sociology, geography, economics, government, philosophy, history, political science, and American literature." It is a satisfaction to record that he retreated under pressure from several members of his own committee.

IN THE Northwest both Washington and Oregon have seen external forces invading faculty problems of subversion or alleged subversion that should have been dealt with quietly, decently, and efficiently within the family. Latest of all, a university that has long congratulated itself upon its freedom from interference and the smooth-running mechanisms of its self-government has met a severe jolt threatening irretrievable damage. This is the University of California, the world's largest, with its 44,000 students, 9,000 employees, and eight campuses. More vital than size is the fact that this university over many years has built one of the three or four most distinguished faculties in the United States, including four Nobel laureates in science and a galaxy of eminent humanists. Its quality has long been one of the soundest sources of pride to people of this region. Yet it has recently been brought under deadly suspicion in the eyes of innumerable thousands.

Do these professors inhabit a hotbed—as the Hearst press daily insists —with the heat supplied by an extension cord from Moscow? For almost a dozen years I have belonged to this teaching staff, first in Los Angeles and now at Berkeley. If there are Communists in our midst or even submissive fellow travelers I have yet to find them. My friends and associates, scattered through many departments, report the same thing. Even our severest critics—State Senator Jack Tenney, local high-executioner of subversives, and a small bloc of regents who lately tried to enforce a special loyalty oath

Subversion in the Senate

AN EDITORIAL

THE EDITORS of *The Saturday Review* have carefully studied the records of the Congressional hearings into the charges against Communism in the State Department. As a result we have reluctantly come to the inescapable conclusion that the chief participant must inevitably be a Communist. We refer to Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin. This conclusion is based on a working definition of Communists and secret agents as used by Senator McCarthy. We are glad to present the documentary evidence:

First, guilt by association. For four years Senator McCarthy has belonged to an organization of which a well-known member has been a prominent supporter of the policies of the Soviet Union. Moreover, Senator McCarthy has actually worked full-time for that organization. We refer to the Congress of the United States, of which Vito Marcantonio, a consistent Party-liner, has been a member since 1935.

Second, guilt by smokescreen. Senator McCarthy, inferentially and otherwise, has stated that the public anti-Communist activities of such persons as Dorothy Kenyon and Philip Jessup are ostensibly only a cover-up for their real activities and sympathies. The greater the apparent opposition to Communism, the greater the real affiliation. This being the case, it is clear that Senator McCarthy's violent outbursts are merely intended to conceal his real sympathies somewhere on the other extreme. What better smokescreen than to attack the State Department of the United States?

Third, guilt by imitation. This is the most incriminating count of all, for it is apparent that Senator McCarthy has modeled his tactics after the notorious Russian purge trials. All the elements of justice in a democracy —due process of law, grand jury, presentation of direct evidence, the assumption that an individual is innocent until proved guilty—all these have been spurned by the Soviet as outworn bourgeois niceties. The Senator from Wisconsin has paid high honor to this Soviet conception of justice in his tactics on this matter; indeed, his use of slander and vilification under immunity bears an uncanny resemblance to the privileged position enjoyed by official character assassins of the Soviet Union.

Fourth, service to the cause. The easiest way to block any reasoned, impartial, and effective examination of subversion is through a helter-skelter, wild-jamboree approach that obscures the real problem. In addition, the damage to America's reputation abroad must be heartfelt satisfaction to those who have a large stake in the defamation of the United States. For this service to the cause the Senator is entitled to whatever distinctions the Kremlin can bestow.

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Robert M. Hutchins

AS THE controversy over loyalty oaths raged, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, announced that the university senate of his institution had approved in principle voluntary contributions by faculty members of 2 per cent of their salaries for a year to assist any University of California teacher discharged as a result of the dispute. Dr. Hutchins estimated that if all members of his faculty participated the fund would amount to approximately $80,000. It has been reported that similar projects are under discussion at several other institutions, including Iowa State College at Ames.

of their own manufacture upon all employees—seem hardly to have been more successful. For many months the eight campuses have been under close watch. Net results are not impressive. Four months ago a physics teaching assistant was fired by the regents after he had refused to testify before a Congressional committee, despite protest that he had never been a Party member, plus the quaint fact that he was among the first to sign this anti-Communist oath. On March 31 Lieutenant-Governor Knight, ex-officio regent and warm friend of the special oath, disclosed to the press that "a pianist in the women's gymnasium on the Los Angeles campus" avowed that she had registered three times as a Communist. Liberals there are, of all sorts and shades of home-grown individualism, but this zealous search for "a card-carrying Communist"—apparently a very infectious type, like Typhoid Mary—has combed through the list of 9,000 employees with results that hardly seem to justify the hue and cry that has swept over eight campuses, driven a deep rift between regents and administration and staff, bred an atmosphere of tension and bitterness, and roused popular suspicion within and beyond the state that will be harder to lay than a legion of devils.

HOW did it all start? In 1940 the regents passed a resolution against employment of Communists. At that time a few professors felt strongly that blanket discrimination against membership in a lawful political party was unsound in theory, that every case should be judged separately—in accord with an article in the state constitution charging the regents to keep the University free from sectarian and political influences, as well as another decreeing that no oath other than the standard constitutional one be required for state officials. This is also the traditional stand of the American Association of University Professors, lately reaffirmed by it—however noxious the name of Communist today—in the belief that times of crisis offer no excuse for expedient compromise on principle. The majority of the faculty, however, did not feel powerfully moved to go to bat for the Communists' right to teach—a right which the latter like their masters overseas would be the first to deny others, as seen in the instant purge of Prague's Charles University when the commissars took over. Party members in the United States might have been honest men in 1935 but were almost certainly dupes by the time of the Nazi-Soviet pact and potential traitors under the cold war. So believes the majority of our faculty today, although it respects the good faith of the minority who would uphold at all costs the principle of nondiscrimination against any party not outlawed. For this in and out of season is logically the one impregnable position.

It has long been recognized in California that the professors of this University, state employees, can justly be required to take the customary constitutional oath. No teacher whom I know boggles at this oath and its pledge of loyalty to state and nation. Most of the present staff signed it years ago, before or during the Second World War.

But last summer the regents announced their decision to compel the staff, on pain of peremptory dismissal, to take a supplementary oath, swearing besides, that ". . . I am not a member of the Communist Party, or under any oath, or a party to any agreement that is in conflict with my obligations under this oath." In itself, this coda struck most teachers as a silly redundancy—it having grown steadily clearer that no Communist can without perjury swear allegiance to the constitution. Most who had signed the standard oath long ago were nettled by an order under duress to swear a kind of "deed and double deed," on-the-honor-of-a-Boy-Scout oath. Had any act of theirs in the meantime rendered their sincerity suspect? Why were professors singled out, alone among state employees, for compulsive denial that they were neither potential traitors (under dominion from Moscow) nor manifest liars (when they swore allegiance to their government)? Were they least trustworthy of all, the weakest links in California's chain of security? Or are professors perhaps just second-class citizens?

IF IT be argued that we deal with the unstable inflammable stuff of youth, we must answer in the first place that, in daily contact with the young, we find them more critical, cool-headed, even skeptical than many of their nervous elders believe. Lots of these lads fought in foxholes for certain freedoms which a very small minority of these elders would like to see as dead as Franklin D. Roosevelt. Moreover the purge of loyal yet independent-minded teachers—such as coercion is bound to cause—will weaken in the eyes of many students the integrity of the "kept" remainder. Let it also be added that most professors have dignity and pride, while some, and among our best, are inherently cantankerous. Research is a highly individual business, tending toward self-assurance and even audacity. Sometimes it breeds specimens so stiff-necked that they would not take kindly to a summary command to swear that two and two make four.

Thus, last summer, felt large numbers of California professors. But being preoccupied and scattered far and wide during the long vacation when the regents abruptly presented their oath—prior to issuance of annual contracts—a majority did sign, attaching various protests or crossing out the postscript while reaffirming the standard oath. In the autumn they made a collective stand challenging the principle involved, with resolutions of support for their hardier colleagues who had refused to knuckle under. The latter group numbered some of our most distinguished professors, from biochemists to political scientists, liberals and freethinkers cheek by jowl with high-church Republicans and the inevitable granite of the New England conscience. So it rested.

In February 1950 by a vote of twelve to six—with six members absent—the regents rejected the faculty protest and issued a sign-or-get-out order over a deadline of April 30. But under a rising storm of dissent—from the mass of students and many alumni, as well as teachers—a spirit of conciliation seemed about to bloom in March. From the pro-oath faction among the regents, John Francis Neylan, former Hearst lawyer and one-time "political boss of San Francisco," offered an apparent olive-branch in an open letter proposing that all meet on common ground respecting the nonemployment of Communists. The faculty's self-governing, body, the Senate, unanimously rejected the spe-

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Music. *The inquiring music-lover in search of exhaustive musical biography will find the lives of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner minutely set forth in compendious, multi-volume works. Hector Berlioz now joins this select company with the publication of Jacques Barzun's "Berlioz and the Romantic Century." Any work of this size has its ups and downs but in totality it is clear that Barzun's "Berlioz" (reviewed below) is of like stature with Thayer's "Beethoven" or Newman's "Wagner." . . . Two months ago* [SRL *Mar. 25*] *we noted the appearance of Victor I. Seroff's new biography of Rachmaninov (the spelling preferred by our reviewer). Hard on its heels comes another book on this composer, this one by John Culshaw, with a more strictly musical approach. . . . Admirers of the wit and sagacity of Donald Francis Tovey will welcome the publication of a posthumous volume of essays, "The Main Stream of Music."*

First All-Modern Mind in Music

BERLIOZ AND THE ROMANTIC CENTURY. By Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Vol. I, 573 *pp. Vol. II,* 370 *pp.* $12.50.

By Robert Lawrence

HECTOR Berlioz, the one great musical figure to come from nineteenth-century France, vilified in his lifetime and undervalued for fifty years after his death, has of late risen precipitously in general estimation. It is fitting that the recent Berlioz revival in the concert hall should be capped by a study of this stature.

To reveal Hector Berlioz in the perspective of his relationship to the other outstanding Romantics of his time, to establish the composer as the fountainhead of all that has come after him in virtually every sphere of symphonic and operatic music: these have been the twin aims of Jacques Barzun in his new and unusually rewarding biography. As this long recital draws to a close the magnificence of the creator's personality comes clearly into focus, the figures surrounding him emerge with warmth and humanity. The book, whatever its shortcomings, has been badly needed. Studies in English on the life and art of Berlioz have so far only scratched the surface, and at his best Mr. Barzun, treating a subject obviously congenial to him, commands an impressive range of scholarship and eloquence of style.

Surprisingly enough, it is not the great days of the 1830's—hailed by the author as the climax of French Romanticism—that emerge with true literary or historical distinction so much as the era of artistic dissolution and decline marked by the advent, a generation later, of Napoleon III. Mr. Barzun is more successful in treating a period he dislikes, outlining it with cold, clear, analytical strokes, than in evoking, with incense-burning references to Stendhal, the young manhood of Berlioz and his early triumphs. In the latter instance Mr. Barzun becomes an almost mystical member of the scene, frequently substituting himself for Hector in an impassioned defense of his subject, discarding the clarity of tone and purpose that should have marked this work throughout.

The large outlines of the story are well set. Guided by a mass of historical documents unearthed or translated by the author over a long period of research, one follows the career of Berlioz from his first attempts for the Prix de Rome, marked by the fire and abandon of romantic youth, to the last, exhausted public appearances of his Russian tour forty years later. Through the book like a *leitmotiv* runs Berlioz's love of Shakespeare, which was to influence his creative and private life so profoundly. Accompanying every section of Berlioz's lengthy public span is a chapter analyzing specific musical works of the period. Other correlated pages deal with the composer's manifold activities as journalist, poet, and critic. His political views, detached but basically liberal, are set forth with some interest. The proportions of the vast book are finely integrated, enclosing the life and works of Berlioz as in a spacious colonnade.

Certainly there have been few figures in the history of music with so fascinating, almost hypnotic, an appeal for the present-day reader as Berlioz. With his life span encompassing roughly the rise and fall of two French empires, he emerges as perhaps the first totally modern mind in music—the man of affairs as well as of notes,

THE AUTHOR: "I make no pretense to being a musicologist," says Jacques Barzun of the biography reviewed opposite. Nevertheless, he doesn't remember a time when the language of music wasn't familiar to him. To any criticism of his observations on Berlioz's works he has only this to say—with unruffled tolerance, in a slightly British-accented voice—, "No person interested in music ever agrees with a statement another makes about a particular piece of music." Barzun, however, has "an inclusive, comprehensive interest in all the arts," a catholicity which has manifested itself for many years in erudite articles. Usually identified as a "cultural historian," he prefers to be called simply "a student of cultural history." As the former, then, he chose Berlioz to exemplify the ideas and arts of the nineteenth century—or, rather, "Berlioz selected himself through being an encyclopedic mind and therefore having to do with every kind of issue, enterprise, and tendency of the period." The resultant two volumes of assiduous scholarship have taken five intensive years, although notes on them have been accumulating for more than twenty. He writes most nights until early morning and a few hours later has to be uptown at Morningside Heights, where since 1945 he has been a professor of history. The French-born son of the author Henri Martin Barzun, and himself the father of three, he had just been graduated from Columbia, in 1927, when he began teaching, and now, looking a singularly young, lean, and ascetic forty-three, finds himself "one of the older generation in the University faculty." In 1933, by then an American citizen, he went abroad to amplify his doctorate into his first book, "Race." Since then he has published, among others, "Of Human Freedom," "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," and "Teacher in America." "Maybe," he says, "in my old age, like Santayana, I'll write a novel—'The Latest Puritan,' or something."—R. G.

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a great conductor, concert organizer, writer of distinction. Whatever he touched in any medium bore the mark of his volatile, yet strangely sober, personality. Unlike his predecessors Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, he was equipped to challenge the intellectual world on all fronts and make his charge across any field. This basic phase of Berlioz's gift—its multiplicity in unity—has been admirably detailed by the author.

Less successful is Mr. Barzun's treatment of the actual scores. He would have us believe that all of music since 1830 has changed its course because of Hector. This is an extravagant claim, based more on hypothesis than on fact. When the author cites the similarity of the opening motive of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" to the "Roméo seul" theme of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, he is erring on his own or quoting from a capricious source. The two ideas vary markedly in interval, rhythm, and key. Again, with rumblings of plagiarism in the air, Mr. Barzun charges that the "Eucharist" theme of "Parsifal" was lifted out of the opening of the Berlioz "Requiem." This is sheer nonsense. One of the two melodies (Wagner's) is in the major mode, that of Berlioz in the minor; the "Eucharist" motive is diatonic, that of Berlioz semichromatic. What Mr. Barzun, with his indiscriminate handling of musical data, has done is to weaken his case even at moments when it is just. Perfectly true are the assertions that the love motive from "Romeo" lives again in the "Love Death" from "Tristan" and that the shepherd's famous call in the Berlioz "Fantastique" enjoys a lineal descendant in the third-act English horn solo of "Tristan." So much is accurate, but Mr. Barzun carries a good thing too far. His chapter on the relationship of Berlioz and Wagner, based on letters and historical documents, is more illuminating. It shows two geniuses, completely incompatible because of their separate missions, making halting and only sparsely successful steps to understand one another.

What Mr. Barzun has minimized is the fact that the expressive range of modern music—as practised by Berlioz and his successors—goes back structurally to the freedom of the last quartets of Beethoven. What Hector brought into actuality, his own distinct contribution, was the use of sound as a component element in the tonal mass, sometimes equal in importance to the basic form of the work itself. The author has aptly traced the descent of this principle from Berlioz through the young Russians (Moussorgsky and his associates) to Debussy and the twentieth century. But, on another front, he has signally neglected the very real influence of Berlioz on modern Italian opera. Boito's "Mefistofele" is, in many of its pages—notably the "Brocken" scene—almost pure Hector; and it was partially under the influence of this arresting composer-librettist that the last two operas of Verdi, "Otello" and "Falstaff," markedly Berliozian in their spare yet brilliant treatment of the orchestra, came into being.

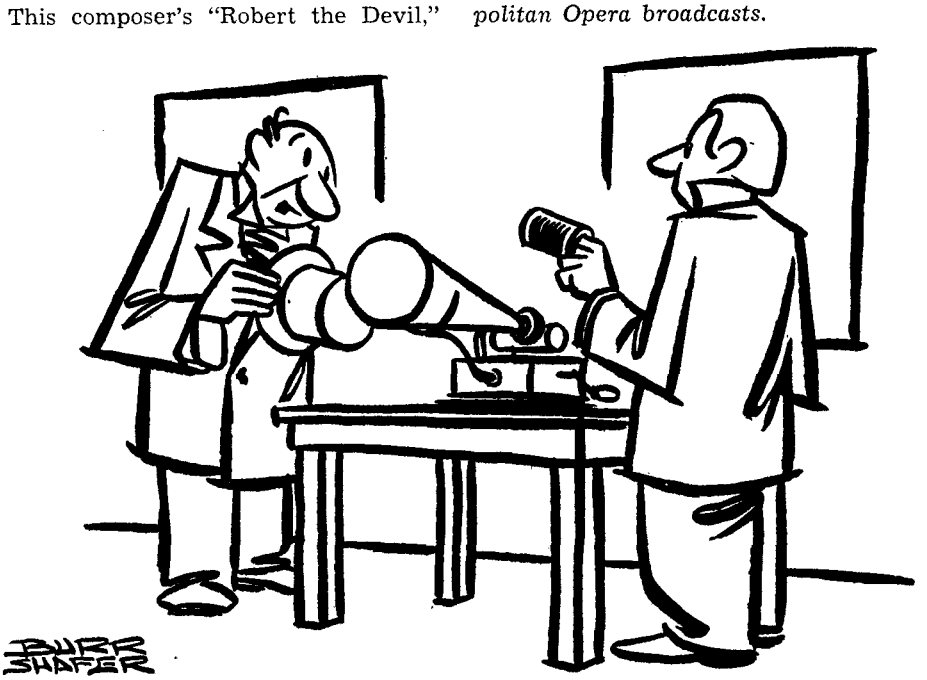
This is, then, a "literary" biography with musical analyses which are slight in interest, sometimes debatable, and generally lacking in first-hand authority. Thus, in treating of the "Royal Hunt and Storm" from "Les Troyens," Mr. Barzun writes: "The beautiful horn calls which emerge toward the middle and blend at the close with a return to the original theme lead to 'a succession of exquisitely wrought details' which Mr. B. H. Haggin finds of 'a startlingly intense loveliness.'"

Almost nowhere does one discover what the author himself deduces from a phrase or a movement of Berlioz, and thereby one's respect for the book as a direct and authoritative musical source is diminished. That the historical and tonal elements in the biography of a composer can be skilfully blended has been shown by Ernest Newman, Francis Toye, and many others. It is in this department that Mr. Barzun has failed, while excelling in the documentary.

One rather regrettable recurrence of a standard cliché in the new work takes place with almost every passing reference to the operas of Meyerbeer. This composer's "Robert the Devil," produced at the Paris Opéra in 1831, created almost as much of a revolution at the time in the field of lyric drama and especially of ballet as did the music of Berlioz in the symphonic sphere. Admittedly flawed, often conceived for middle-class taste, these operas will nevertheless be restudied some day at first hand, with proper light thrown on their credit as well as debit side. Certainly no historian of the period should dismiss the great moments of "Les Hugenots" and "Le Prophète" so cavalierly as does Mr. Barzun, even though the works themselves found little favor with Berlioz in his capacity as critic.

There is a quarrelsome overtone to the book, undoubtedly prompted by the neglect and misunderstanding which unjustly surrounded Berlioz's music for years. Instead of giving us the positive essence of Hector's art—his sweet distillation of sadness, his amazing use simultaneously not so much of several contrapuntal lines as of diverse planes of musical experience—Mr. Barzun has offered a running argument on a subject whose worth has been established for the past decade. In short, the new biography is erratic and uneven, but, as its own positive merit, offers a monumental brand of scholarship. The work was twenty years in the preparation and writing, and much new material of interest to admirers of Berlioz and to music-lovers in general may be found in its pages.

Robert Lawrence, conductor of the Phoenix Symphony Orchestra, is an occasional commentator on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Couldn't you make it a little fancier, Mr. Edison? We want something to sell on time payments."

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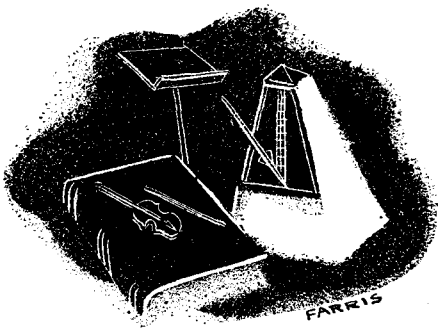
Besides C# Minor

RACHMANINOV: The Man and His Music. By John Culshaw. New York: Oxford University Press. 174 *pp.* $3.

By Nicolas Slonimsky



THIS is a season of books on Rachmaninov. (Rachmaninov spelled his name, French fashion, with two f's, but the spelling Rachmaninov is now gaining ground. In Russian the last letter is v but it is pronounced f. Thus, both spellings have equal justification.) After a recent biography by Seroff we are now presented with John Culshaw's book, an importation from England. Seroff concentrated on Rachmaninov's life story; Culshaw's book is mostly on Rachmaninov's music, with two chapters out of nine giving a brief outline of the composer's life. The publisher's jacket describes it as "the first book to assess Rachmaninov's music as a whole."

In his assessment Mr. Culshaw cannot quite make up his mind whether Rachmaninov was a great composer who often lapsed into "a display of bad musical taste" or a minor musician capable of creative moments of "blinding beauty." In his dislike of some of Rachmaninov's music, Mr. Culshaw becomes almost vituperative: "The music lacks any sense of direction," he writes of Rachmaninov's Fourth Piano Concerto. "It is a vastly extended charade, a grotesque improvisation, in which the themes change clothes but cannot disguise their poverty." Anticipating the reader's wonderment at such harshness, Mr. Culshaw adds: "To those who like the Liszt concertos this may appear too violent a criticism. This work is, in fact, on much the same level as the latter." He dismisses Rachmaninov as a composer of symphonies by saying that he "cannot hold his place against even Glazounov, who, with all due respect, was not much of a symphonist."

On the other side of the ledger, Mr. Culshaw spots in a Rachmaninov work "a lower string melody worthy of Sibelius." On occasion he even gives Rachmaninov preference over Tchaikovsky: "The subtlety of this treatment shows at once Rachmaninov's qualities as a craftsman; a comparison with Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony will indicate how mechanical and crude is the latter's use of the same system." The greatest praise Mr. Culshaw reserves for Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead" ("definitely a masterpiece"), "The Bells," ("unique in musical history"), and "The Vesper Mass" ("a pinnacle not only in the music of Rachmaninov, but in the history of religious music"). Mr. Culshaw also includes the "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" among Rachmaninov's greatest works, expressing his belief that "it is through the exquisite eighteenth variation of the Paganini Rhapsody that many of us would choose to honor the memory of a great musician." It seems a poor tribute to Rachmaninov's fame as a melodist if he is to be remembered by a work in which the thematic material is not his own.

Mr. Culshaw's analytical notes on Rachmaninov's individual works are adequate though conventional. But the harmonic style of Rachmaninov's music does not receive proper treatment at his hands. The characteristic "Russian" flatted sixth is hardly "Mendelssohnian" in its harmonic implications, as Mr. Culshaw describes it. The "sudden modulation from C minor to E major," referred to in the discussion of the "Vesper Mass," is but an instance of Rachmaninov's modulatory scheme, in which a new key is reached directly by enharmonic change, a type of triadic harmony that imparts to Rachmaninov's music its plagal and brooding character. Writing about Rachmaninov's Second Symphony, Mr. Culshaw complains that "the polyphony here becomes excessively complicated." What polyphony? Rachmaninov's counterpoint is a product of his fulness of harmony; his contrapuntal voices are harmony notes and appoggiaturas forming a rich and sonorous mass of sound, vastly satisfying to many, rather fulsome to some.

There are errors in the musical examples, of which only the most egregious one (it would transform Rachmaninov into a wildly cacophonous modernist) is corrected in a note at the end of the book. The name of Merezhkovsky is spelled three different ways in various parts of the book, and there are misspellings of other Russian names. Incidentally, "a Madame Plevitskaya," mentioned without further identification in Mr. Culshaw's book, was a colorful figure, a popular Russian ballad singer who became involved in a kidnap-murder of a Russian general in Paris, and recently died in a French prison.

Toveyian Treat

THE MAIN STREAM OF MUSIC. By Donald Francis Tovey. New York: Oxford University Press. 404 *pp.* $4.

By Irving Kolodin

SAVE for the apparently eternal Ernest Newman, the death of Sir Donald Francis Tovey in 1940 brought to an end the career of the last profoundly perceptive writer on music recently working in the English language. Nothing in this volume is less than a dozen years old, but the sensitivity, reasonableness, and authority of the writing are as pertinent today as at the moment of execution. From such sources as *Music and Letters*, Cobbett's "Cyclopaedic Survey of Chamber Music," *The Listener*, various lectures, etc., Hubert Foss, as editor, has collected eighteen essays of unvarying brilliance, if varying length and substance.

In all of them there is the compound of elements essentially Toveyian—the embracing knowledge, the penetrating directness of thought, the easy scholarship, and pertinent wit. Those who evaluate accomplishment in terms of length may question Tovey's rank as a scholar because he wrote no thick books; but such an encompassing performance as "Haydn's Chamber Music" or "Tonality in Schubert" could not be more convincing were it three times as long or twice as dull.

The essay which gives the volume its title comes late in the book, and, in fact, was written less than two years before Tovey's death; but no one could question its suitability as a summation of the writer's experience and thought. Here he summarizes:

> For me the main stream of music becomes navigable at the end of the fifteenth century with such composers as Josquin des Prés, and remains smoothly navigable throughout the sixteenth century. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it enters into regions partly mountainous and partly desert and becomes choked with weeds. In the eighteenth century it is drastically cleared up by Bach and Handel and drained off into various smaller channels by other composers. In the middle of the century these channels reunite and carry the main stream into another channel, represented by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. In the nineteenth century there emerges the facile, half-literary distinction between the classical and the romantic which has been used with fatal efficiency in tracing the obvious and obliterating the essential.

What emerged with the phenomenon of Wagner may be best left for the reader himself to discover, but there can be little doubt that Sir Francis is eminently and profoundly

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right in asserting: "Technically, the revolution effected by Wagner is not less important—or, as Kant might say, not less Copernican—than any previous event in musical history." In Tovey's view, "Wagner's achievement consisted in refashioning the whole texture and form of music until it covered the drama on a time-scale measured by hours instead of by minutes."

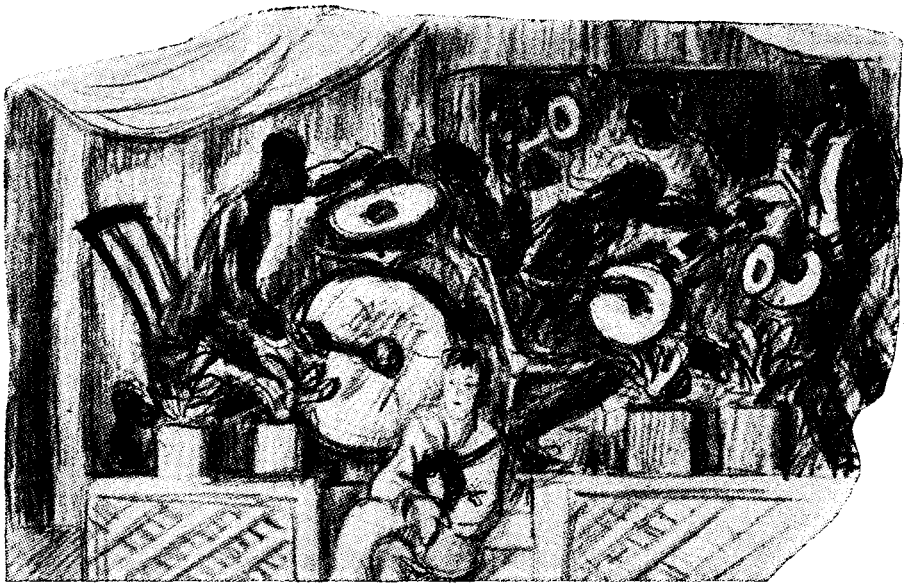
Those who consider Tovey a mere culler of the past will be interested in his thoughts about Hindemith and Dohnányi among living composers or Elgar among those recently deceased. Knowing Tovey's scale of values in terms of Haydn and Schubert, I am almost willing to accept his valuation of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" as gospel. When he says, "As to Elgar's mastery, nothing but sheer ignorance can bring it into question," one can only murmur in opposition, "Is mastery enough?"

Among other provocative thoughts are those of Sir Francis on the subject of cadenzas, as preface to several he wrote himself for the violin concerti of Brahms and Beethoven and the latter's fourth piano concerto. In his appraisal of the function of the cadenza Sir Francis says: "Obviously, the orator must perorate and the orchestra must remain in spellbound silence because the peroration is or seems to be extempore." When the composer himself perorated—as in the case of Mozart or Beethoven—the thesis was reasonable enough; in later days, when a cadenza has been interpreted as an opportunity for the player to recapitulate the progress of musical history since the work was written, the thesis is merely a reasonable explanation of an unreasonable practice.

In sum this latest—if not the last—compilation of writings by Tovey is provocative, instructive, and remarkably contemporary. Record listeners who have profited by the recent issue of previously unknown Haydn symphonies will understand what Sir Francis means when he says:

> Haydn is an immeasurably greater and more central master than we as yet realize . . . As long as some forty splendid symphonies in the middle of Haydn's career remain wholly inacessible save to researchers of British Museum libraries, I feel nothing but irritation when early and archaic works of Haydn are enthusiastically produced and acclaimed . . .

For this faith and enthusiasm, if for no other reason, Tovey would be a notable man in musical history; if they inspire some obscure acolytes to accomplish in recordings what he simply hoped for in public performance the main stream of music will have been substantially advanced.



—"Negro Band," by Waldo Peirce.

New Orleans Jazz Professor

MR. JELLY ROLL. By Alan Lomax. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 300 pp. $3.50.

By Wilder Hobson

THE late Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton, for the benefit of those who do not happen to know, was a New Orleans jazz singer and pianist who ranks among the topmost lyric musicians of the Afro-American tradition. Alan Lomax is a distinguished student of folk music and the son of another; the younger Lomax recorded Jelly Roll at length for the Library of Congress and has written a book about him based in large and rewarding part on shorthand reporting of Jelly's own talk. Among the blessings of stenography is the fact that unofficial voices like Morton's can sometimes be preserved.

Hear him, for example, on the musical atmosphere of New Orleans, capital of jazz:

> I have never seen such beautiful clubs as they had there—the Broadway Swells, the High Arts, the Orleans Aides, the Bulls and Bears, the Tramps, the Iroquois, the Allegroes . . . The members that could afford it would have a barrel of beer and plenty of sandwiches and a lot of whiskey and gin waiting at their houses . . . The grand marshal would lead his boys up one side of the street and down the other while the band played on the front steps. Then the boys would go inside and get their drinks and have a hell of a time . . .

Hear him on the Storeyville bordellos where the leading jazz "professors" entertained:

> . . . they did a lot of uncultured things there that probably couldn't be mentioned, and the irony part of it, they always picked the youngest and most beautiful girls to do them right before the eyes of everybody . . . People are cruel, aren't they?

And after a funeral:

> That would be the last of the dead man. He's gone and everybody came back home, singing. In New Orleans they believed truly to stick right close to the Scripture. That means rejoice at the death and cry at the birth. . .

The book is a superb program note for Morton's performances. Among the loveliest phonograph records ever made are his "Michigan Water," "Winin' Boy," and the other blues included in an album called "New Orleans Memories." This is music of fond and subtle shaping, which has the acrid nostalgia of a mid-continent train whistle. As a man Jelly had a full complement of ties and as many practical problems as Mozart. The book explores them, with close attention to such special features as the conflict in colored New Orleans between downtown - mulatto - upper - caste - trade - & profession - accepted (somewhat)-educated-sophisticated, and, on the other hand, uptown-black-lower caste-day laborers-jim crow-illiterate-countryfied. There are numerous loose ends of fact and interpretation, which really detract very little from the solidity of the Morton portrait. The only complaint here is that Mr. Lomax's passion for Jelly sweeps by certain other members of the New Orleans pleiades. I would enter the sternest possible reminder of that uptowner Louis "Satchelmouth" Armstrong.

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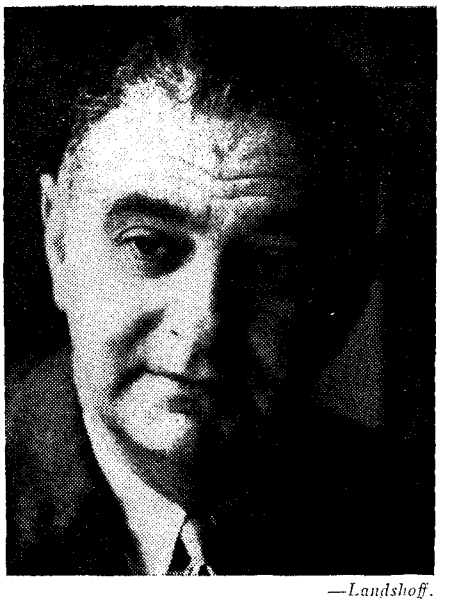
Fiction. *Most Americans have an uneasy feeling that they ought to be better acquainted with the life of their South American neighbors. There have been so few first-rate novels on the subject that Robert Pick's latest book, "Guests of Don Lorenzo," should be eagerly read. His dramatic story of the rise and fall of a would-be dictator is flavored with ironic humor, and his sultry tropical scene is described in fascinating detail. . . . The thousands of devoted readers of C. S. Forester's stories of the British Navy a century and a half ago will be delighted with his new collection, "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower," tales of his lanky Englishman's progress from midshipman to lieutenant. . . . Jesse Stuart's "Hie to the Hunter," in which a village lad runs away to the hunting folk in the hills, is one of those rare books, like "Huckleberry Finn," that can be read with equal pleasure by the teen-aged or adult.*



—*Landshoff.*

Robert Pick—"answers for all his riddles."

Modern, Torrid Beggar's Opera

GUESTS OF DON LORENZO. By Robert Pick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 350 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

THERE is a rumor that Robert Pick has never traveled through Latin America but his latest novel, "Guests of Don Lorenzo," in no way confirms this literary gossip. On the contrary, few novelists have ever recaptured the sights and sounds, and the manners and morals, too, of a South American republic so completely and successfully. Mr. Pick's country, which he wisely calls "The Republic," is of course only a fictional world created by an able novelist, but whether Mr. Pick leads his reader into The Republic's rough lands at the end of the railroad or through a provincial town or across the pretentiously baroque plaza of the capitol, one cannot escape the illusion of having lived and traveled for a long while in a hitherto unknown world.

A masterly accumulation of small detail gives an impression of unsanitary heat, of native poverty, of dank vegetation, before which stand typically Latin façades of crumbling stonework and cracking plaster. One moves through spacious rooms sparsely furnished by down-at-the-heel Continental bric-a-brac, harshly illuminated by electric lights that seldom work. And here an overelaborate pseudo-aristocracy parades in dingy gold-braid uniforms among endless cigarette butts and liqueurs. Hands are somewhat grimy. Perfume takes the place of soap and water. Rain clouds gather and there is thunder on the left.

This atmosphere is beautifully clear and implicit and yet it is hard to tell how Mr. Pick achieves such concrete results for there is not much physical description and less room for it in this intricately woven, highly dramatic tale of Latin character, ambition, and intrigue. Nevertheless it is atmosphere that gives "Guests of Don Lorenzo" a depth and meaning that raise it far above the level of melodrama and show that Mr. Pick is a master of the techniques of time and space.

There are some very bad people in the gallery of characters one meets in this unstable and fascinating setting. There are no wholly good people, for goodness and nobility would have small chance of thriving in such a climate. There are a dozen threads of plot involving the careers of discredited German agents, ambitious militarists, and politicians. Yet, fortunately, there is a central character who emerges above all minor machinations. He is the dubious militarist and opportunist Don Lorenzo, an ambitious, intriguing rascal who always holds Mr. Pick's plot together in his heavy, skilful hands. If his plotting finally gets the best of him, his stature, weight, and acumen enable him to plunge to ruin with a fine, resounding crash. There is not space here to describe his rise and fall, but anyone who encounters Don Lorenzo will feel a reluctant admiration for him and even a sort of liking because he is drawn with dry and pitiless humor and deep understanding. He is in every way as authentic as his background. His resolution, his capacities, and the seeds of his failure grow and flourish with every page. Though one may have many reservations regarding the structure of "Guests of Don Lorenzo," Don Lorenzo himself is a perfect hero for this modern, torrid beggars' opera.

This is a novel sometimes reminiscent of Conrad, but it never loses its own individuality and flavor. One of its most intriguing features is the intricate, tapestrylike weaving of its action, the threads of which shuttle breathlessly back and forth so that ends are constantly meeting with beginnings. Unfortunately, this intricacy is also the novel's greatest weakness because the involvements are often so extensive that the tapestry becomes occasionally more of a snarl than a pattern. It is frequently difficult, for instance, to discover just what Don Lorenzo and his guests are up to or exactly why they are up to it. Still, even if Mr. Pick appears to enjoy needless complication, he is well worth following and finally he comes up with answers for all his riddles. "Don Lorenzo" is a highly exciting story and, better, is a tale of human failings and of a way of life so skilfully and vividly told that parts of it are hard to forget. It certainly comes close to standing at the head of any shelf of contemporary fiction about South America.

Abstraction

(Chicago Fire Escape)

By Ruth Ryskind

CRAZILY darting,
Shadow and line race zig-zag
Over a Mondrian square—

An abstract chart,
Pattern of planes, thin fragments
Of motion striking the air

Where, Cubist at heart
A soft brown rag
Curls on the bottom stair.

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Indefatigable Lieut.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN HORNBLOWER. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

IT IS DUE to an English journalist and historical novelist long a resident of California that hundreds of thousands of Americans know more about his Britannic Majesty's Navy a century and a half ago than they do about our own ships and the hardy men who defied English sea power during the Revolution and the War of 1812. When Cecil Forester invented Horatio Hornblower in 1937 he had gained more than a little reputation with "Payment Deferred," a tense psychological novel about the disintegration of the mind of a murderer, and half a dozen lesser books. A brilliant short book of the Spanish Peninsular war, "The Gun," revealed his capacity for dramatizing history. Personal experiences in a little sailing dinghy gave him the minute knowledge of the coast and rivers of France and the taste for the sea.

"Mr. Midshipman Hornblower" is the latest of the Hornblower series, and in many ways it is the most appealing. It is a collection of short connected stories that are as continuously readable as any novel. It begins with the lanky, shy, and seasick youngster boarding for the first time a British ship of the line. It would be hard to conceive of a more unlikely candidate for a place among the titled and wealthy admirals who commanded the fleet at a time when England was

fighting France and Spain under Napoleon. The gigantic task of the British Navy was to blockade the Atlantic Coast of Europe and both shores of the Western Mediterranean. How it was successfully managed without Horatio Hornblower, midshipman and later commander, and his favorite battleship, the *Indefatigable*, must remain an historical mystery.

In creating Horatio Hornblower Mr. Forester had the sense to abandon the conventional figure of the salty old sea dog of the past who might have been made of oak and gunpowder. In fact, the Horatio who is revealed in this and all the earlier books and stories is as full of mental crotchets as a character in a modern novel. He is moody at times, always distrustful of himself, and afraid of women. In the days when the bumboats ferried the loose ladies of the harbor towns aboard anchored naval craft the sight of a young woman under full sail terrified him more than an engagement with a seventy-gun ship. He later married, as everyone knows, a dowdy, middle-class woman, to whom he stayed astonishingly faithful in a dissolute age. When he finally fell in love with the beautiful wife of an admiral during a calm voyage across the Atlantic he was so unused to this tender emotion that he thought that something was wrong with his liver.

The ten stories in this volume look back into the youth of a man whose life Mr. Forester's publishers and *The Saturday Evening Post* have made familiar to most of us. He is a most appealing fellow and in each tale it is a satisfaction to know that he will always escape from the Spaniards or the French who have captured him, and with the utmost modesty perform the deeds of heroism that have made him temporarily immortal. In the last story in the book the reader leaves him a full-fledged lieutenant. In the growing American Navy of that time half of the exploits recited in "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower" would have put him in command of a battleship and have made him a national hero from Maine to Georgia.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 360

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 360 will be found in the next issue.

AND EDUCTICKLY LM

AND MLUATYIAD CBIGC

AND PLTRAMTF.

—H. NDURDUA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 359

Great men rejoice in adversity just as brave soldiers triumph in war.

—SENECA.

Townies & Hillbillies

HIE TO THE HUNTERS. By Jesse Stuart. New York: Whittlesey House. 265 pp. $3.

By J. C. LONG

THIS is a magnificent recital of woodland lore and a warm, rugged tale of the friendship of two teen-age boys. The author's devotees will miss the bountiful humor and the relatively well-ordered plot of "Taps for Private Tussie," the instinctive proportionateness of his short stories, and the lyric simplicity of his poems. In short, the book should be approached with the expectation of enjoying Stuart's customary descriptions of animal and nature life in the Kentucky hill country, and the values which they hold for an emotionally and esthetically starved city boy. There will be no point in seeking here for the mature revelations of a Thomas Hardy or the adult conflicts of a Lillian Smith or a Willa Cather.

The story concerns chiefly the fourteen-year-old Did Hargis, son of the chief storekeeper in the village of Greenwood. Did is an unhappy, sheltered rich boy persecuted by his schoolmates. When beaten by two town bullies he is rescued by the sixteen-year-old Sparkie, who happens to be passing by.

Sparkie, who lives in the nearby hill settlement of Plum Grove, has the unusual talent of being able to squirt a blinding jet of tobacco juice with complete accuracy into any opposing eye. With this weapon he routs Did's attackers and repeatedly is victor over hostile beast or man. Did, finding a friend and protector, accompanies Sparkie to the latter's mountain shack, without notifying his parents. There he is made welcome by Sparkie's kindly father and mother, Peg and Arn.

For many, many pages Did learns through the tutelage of Sparkie the virtues of primitive human and animal ways. He learns that a rabbit sleeps with his eyes open, that you can better climb a slick-barked tree if you wet your socks and gloves, that there is money in polecat pelts if you concentrate on getting solid black hides or those with narrow stripes.

Sparkie teaches him that it is best to hunt possums on a still night. "A possum is afraid of sound. He is afraid of the wind in the brush and pines. If ye'll hunt on a windy night, it is better to hunt in the hollows in the old fields and places where the wind can't hit. There ye'll find the possums!"

He discovers the pleasures of build-

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Americana. *If one should seek a single theme to explain the story of the United States before the present century, certainly the most satisfactory is the westward expansion of the American people. (For that matter, although other concerns have elbowed it aside in the twentieth century, Americans by the hundreds of thousands continue to push west.) The half dozen new books reviewed below are all either major or minor variations of that theme. Most important by far is Henry Nash Smith's analysis, in "Virgin Land," of the fascination the frontier exerted on Americans long before Frederick Jackson Turner spelled out the fact for all to comprehend. Two philosopher-statesmen who facilitated the movement are the subjects of Adrienne Koch's "Jefferson and Madison," while Ralph Selph Henry's "Story of the Mexican War" is a competent recounting of a conflict that grew directly out of it.*

Shibboleths & Incantations We Grew On

VIRGIN LAND: The American West as Symbol and Myth. By Henry Nash Smith. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 305 *pp.* $4.50.

By THOMAS H. JOHNSON

CHARLES JARED INGERSOLL in 1823 devised a haunting phrase when he conceived of his discourse on a national literature as "The Influence of America on the Mind." It is a phrase which aptly characterizes this most recent study of America as frontier, certainly the most penetrating yet made into the literature and thought dealing with trans-Allegheny United States. With admirable clarity it renders an interpretation of the political and social beliefs, the prophecy and the myth which created or was created out of an expanding West, and sets them forth as they are revealed in narrative, debate, incantation, and romance. It is a probing into the history of ideas that will give shape to future literary and historical studies which increasingly may be expected to touch upon the theme.

It begins and ends with an examination of the thesis of Frederick Jackson Turner, the best known interpreter of America's past, who developed the idea that the outer limit of agricultural settlement is the beginning of the frontier and that democracy, meaning the achievement of status for the common man, was one of the great forces in modern history. But the thesis, Smith sets out to show, attained its enormous vogue only because it echoed ideas and beliefs already in acceptance. In fact, such ideas entered so deeply into the folk imagination that they became themselves shibboleths and incantations, repeatedly used to describe the American character. They became a myth and a symbol: the "intellectual construction that fuses concept and emotion into an image," as Smith in his preface defines his use of the terms. What the interpretations were and how they shaped social and political thinking and were reflected in American literature during the nineteenth century is the theme of the book. What, then, were the images and ideas?

At the turn of the nineteenth century the interior of North America, as yet in process of discovery, was surmised to be an almost limitless expanse, mostly arable and capable of supporting millions yet unborn. Further penetration confirmed the surmise. Such vast natural resources of potential wealth suggested that an empire could be built on an agrarian society, self-contained and centering in the Mississippi Valley, rather than one based on maritime commerce with its axis running from the Atlantic Coast to Europe. The vision that "westward the course of empire takes its way" had been at the root of Franklin's economic thinking and determined Jefferson's policies of state. By 1820 the belief in continental destiny was a principal element in national thinking. Two theories now merge. The search for a northwest passage to Asia (long an image of fabulous riches) now led directly across the interior of a continent which might itself engross the mercantile trade of the world; the enterprise depended only upon populating an agricultural area of nearly limitless expanse and unbelievable fertility: it led through, as well as into, the Garden of the World.

Here then were two kinds of empires. Were they mutually exclusive? Or could political and economic policies be shaped to create them both? But first the stalwart, lawless pathfinder must show the way (creating as he moved through the forests and across the plains a new mythology, indigenous to America); then the husbandman must follow, each staking out his own tree-embowered, 160-acre homestead and thus in the aggregate forming the Good Society.

The "Passage to India" idea was so compelling a notion that it remained, Smith observes, "for decades one of the ruling conceptions of American thought about the West," implied certainly in the statecraft of Jefferson and spearheaded by Thomas Hart Benton during his thirty years' Congressional leadership in the Federal support of Western exploration and expansion. Would the West dominate the East? That is, would physical geography (Nature) determine our

(*Continued on page* 45)

—*From the book.*

Deadwood Dick buys Salamander Sam's daughter at auction (1880).

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Garlands from Morningside Heights

THE ANONYMOUS gentlemen who convene on Morningside Heights each May to confer accolades in the name of Joseph Pulitzer have long baffled students of American letters. So eyebrow-raising have their decisions frequently been that fifteen years ago the play reviewers of New York inaugurated an annual award of their own, the New York Drama Critics' Award, with the avowed intention of seeing that something closer to justice was done for the theatre. It was partly out of dissatisfaction with recent Pulitzer Prizes in literature that three book trade associations several months ago established the National Book Awards. In part because of its doubts about the Pulitzer selections *SRL* more than a decade ago began asking the book reviewers and editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the books they believed deserved a prize. (The nominations *SRL* received from them a fortnight ago, before the announcement of the Pulitzer awards for 1949, are printed on the opposite page.)

The new selections in literature conform to a now deep-grooved tradition. One is clearly deserved; two others, in the vernacular of the drama critics, are "adequate"; one is dismaying. The total impression the quartet leaves is of mediocrity.

Certainly the happiest selection is that in the fiction field. "The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., is a realistic yet poetic chronicle of the passage of a small emigrant train over the Oregon Trail in 1847. It was easily the favorite of the nation's book editors, winning eleven of twenty-seven ballots.

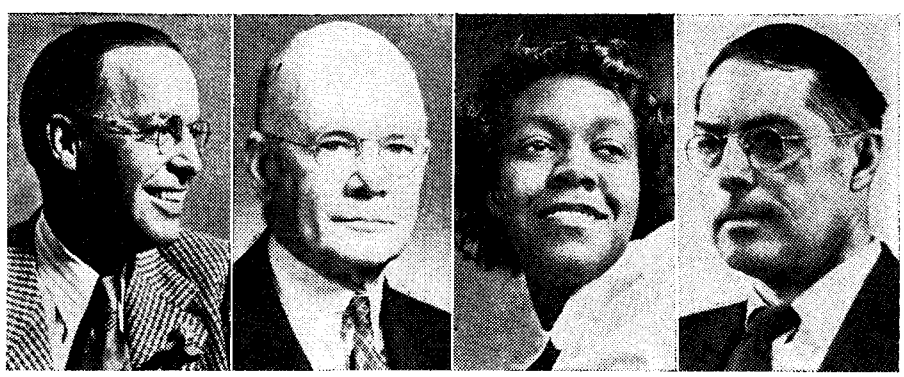
The prize in biography this year went to Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis, of Yale, who more than two decades ago won a Pulitzer award for a monograph in diplomatic history, "Pinckney's Treaty." When we hazarded the guess that his "John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy" might win a nod from the Pulitzer judges (*SRL* Dec. 24) we did so because it is the solidly researched, stolidly written type of work that has appealed to them so often in the past. However, we supposed that it would be recognized as a work of history for, as Allan Nevins observed in his review of it, "The book is primarily a series of finely executed monographs on the great issues of Adams's career. . . . The diplomacy is everything, the personal biography very slight." *SRL*'s critics' poll favored a work that we believe would have been an even more appropriate choice—Ralph L. Rusk's "The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," a work of impeccable scholarship and certainly the best life of this great American ever written.

If this year's biography award is curious, the history award to "Art and Life in America," by Professor Oliver W. Larkin, of Smith College, is strange even by Pulitzer standards. Professor Larkin's large, lavishly illustrated book is a discussion of the development of American painting and sculpture—and to a lesser extent of architecture, interior decoration, and allied arts—from their beginnings to the present. It was obviously written especially for use as a college text and only incidentally for the general reader. At its publication it was described as the first general history of the visual arts in America in a generation, a competent synthesis of the latest scholarship. There is little about it that is brilliant or even original and some critics have complained that in parts it betrays a lack of critical proportion.

In awarding the poetry prize to Gwendolyn Brooks for her second slender volume of verse, "Annie Allen," the Pulitzer judges have recognized a young Negro writer of remarkable talent. "Annie Allen," J. Saunders Redding declared in his review of it (*SRL* Sept. 17), "is as artistically sure, as emotionally fine, as esthetically complete as a silver figure by Cellini." But he detected a danger of Miss Brooks's becoming a coterie poet and warned her to avoid it. Most reviewers spoke of her work in terms of promise rather than fulfilment.

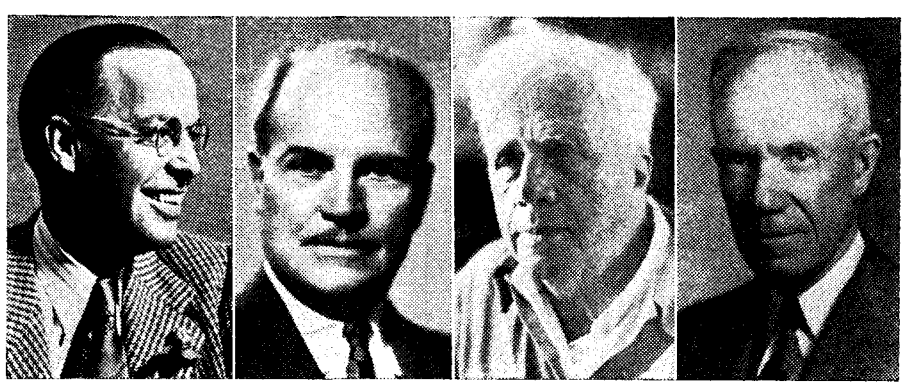
Indeed, in looking over this and previous Pulitzer lists, one is disheartened by the qualities that characterize them. Promise rather than accomplishment, conscientious but commonplace scholarship, long belated recognition for meritorious work done in the past are garlanded far more often than actual distinction of performance. One can only wish that Columbia University and the anonymous gentlemen who make its awards would save their accolades for books that are truly what Mr. Pulitzer desired to honor—distinguished performances in their particular field of literature.—R. W., Jr.

PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS FOR 1949



A. B. Guthrie, Jr.: "The Way West," fiction; Samuel Flagg Bemis: "John Adams and **the Foundations** of American Foreign Policy," biography; Gwendolyn Brooks: "Annie Allen," poetry; Oliver W. Larkin: "Art and Life in America," history.

WINNERS IN SRL'S PULITZER PRIZE POLL



A. B. Guthrie, Jr.: "The Way West," fiction; Ralph L. Rusk: "The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," biography; Robert Frost: "Collected Poems of Robert Frost," poetry; Kenneth P. W. Williams: "Lincoln Finds a General," history.

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Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Name and Medium	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
H. RUSSELL AUSTIN, *The Milwaukee Journal*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"John Greenleaf Whittier, Friend of Man," by John A. Pollard	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
ELISE BEAUCHAMP, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*	"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow	"W. C. Fields: His Follies and Fortunes," by Robert Lewis Taylor	"The Devil in Massachusetts," by Marion L. Starkey	"Pleasure Dome," by Lloyd Frankenburg
CLYDE BECK, *The Detroit News*	"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"The Hours and the Ages," by Edward Nicholas	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*	"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand	"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth Roberts	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*	"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr	"Annie Allen," by Gwendolyn Brooks
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"The Hours and the Ages," by Edward Nicholas	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
EMMET DEDMON, *Chicago Sun-Times*	"The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren	"Stalin,"* by Isaac Deutscher	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Paterson III," by William Carlos Williams
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison (Wis.) Capital Times*	"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara	"The Thread That Runs So True," by Jesse Stuart	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS *Nashville Banner*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"A History of the Old" South," by Clement Eaton	No nomination
LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*	"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea	"Love Letters of Mark Twain," Ed. by Dixon Wecter	"The Devil in Massachusetts," by Marion L. Starkey	"Little Hill," by Harry Behn
VICTOR P. HASS *Omaha World-Herald*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*	"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand	"Death Be Not Proud," by John Gunther	"Not So Long Ago," by Lloyd Morris	"Versus," by Ogden Nash
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*	"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"Devil in Massachusetts," by Marion Starkey	"Paterson: Book III," by William Carlos Williams
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
CARTER BROOKE JONES, *Washington Star*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Mark Van Doren	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
SUZANNE MARTIN, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*	"The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	No nomination	"Paterson: Book III," by William Carlos Williams
FRANK O'NEILL, *The Cleveland News*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"The Struggle for Guadalcanal," by Samuel Eliot Morison	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
EDWARD PARONE, *The Hartford Courant*	"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty	No nomination	No nomination	"Paterson: Book III," by William Carlos Williams
JOHN D. PAULUS, *The Pittsburgh Press*	"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"The Vital Center," by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.	"One Horse Farm," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *The New York Times*	"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"Devil in Massachusetts," by Marion Starkey	No nomination
W. G. ROGERS, *The Associated Press*	"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Paterson: Book III," by William Carlos Williams
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt	"Lincoln Finds a General," by Kenneth P. Williams	"Paterson: Book III," by William Carlos Williams
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"The Universe of G.B.S.,"* by William Irvine	No nomination	No nomination
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand	"John Quincy Adams," by Samuel F. Bemis	"The Struggle for Guadalcanal," by Samuel Eliot Morison	"The Divine Pilgrim," by Conrad Aiken
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*	"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.	"Coronado: Knight of Pueblos and Plains," by Herbert Eugene Bolton	"The Medici," by Ferdinand Schevill	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
LON TINKLE, *Dallas Morning News*	"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea	"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk	"Coronado: Knight of Pueblos and Plains," by Herbert Eugene Bolton	"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"

* These biographies were ineligible for the award inasmuch as they did not meet Mr. Pulitzer's provision that the subject must be an American.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Our Dollars and Manners Abroad

THE AMERICAN tourist abroad is not a new phenomenon. Between the two world wars he was to be found everywhere in Western Europe, and even Russia somewhat grudgingly opened its Intourist Bureaus for the trek from Moscow and Petrograd to the Volga. Even through the years of the Depression there were enough Americans traveling abroad to add eight billion dollars to the diminishing foreign exchange of European countries. When the German armies marched into Poland eleven years ago Americans came rushing home, and with them the exiles who had lived so long and contentedly in their villas and hotels in France and Italy that it was almost embarrassing to meet them in the discomfort and bustle of our big-city streets and restaurants. It was this generation of tourists and escapists who helped to rebuild and maintain the great hotels and resorts of the Continent and who brought back home with fragments of European culture a taste for luxury that, superficially at least, brought our own American civilization into harmony with the world from which our ancestors had emigrated. We owe these earlier crusaders far more than we realize.

The finest literature of the Twenties and Thirties was produced by Americans who had visited Europe and had returned to find America strangely provincial and self-satisfied. It seems odd today to recall that the early fellowships of the Guggenheim Foundation were given once to writers who had to spend their time abroad. Without his early glimpse of Europe Sinclair Lewis could not have written either "Main Street" or "Dodsworth," and without the years they lived in Paris or on the Riviera could Ernest Hemingway or Scott Fitzgerald have become famous as the voices of "the lost generation"?

Today the tide is sweeping east again in greater numbers than ever. Last year three hundred thousand of our tourists crossed the Atlantic and swarmed over Western Europe; this year they will number still another hundred thousand. With the American forces stationed abroad and the resident officials and office workers in innumerable Government agencies and bureaus, there will be at the height of the flood more than half a million Americans in Continental countries and in England. Indeed, the number of tourists and visitors is limited only by the means of transportation. When more planes and ships are built there will be so many more tourists. Averell Harriman, who is a kind of economic ambassador-at-large, has said that one of his surveys indicates that nearly half of the people in the United States yearn to go to Europe. Considering that there are one hundred and sixty millions of us, this conceit is enough to make any European alternately glow with pleasure and turn pale with horror.

There are certainly two aspects to this apparently beneficent rain of traveling Americans. They are vital to Continental and British economy; since they spend on an average a thousand dollars a head, they may solve of their own accord an impossible economic riddle. Last year, for example, they left behind them one-fourth of all the dollars earned by Western European exports to America and the hard-currency areas. "Travel represents," says Mr. Harriman, "the greatest import of the United States. It is the soundest way to provide other nations with the dollars they need to buy our goods and keep our trade expanding." This is the most delightful conception any economist could imagine. It benefits the happy hosts and the welcome guests equally. Apparently, if we could ship abroad enough Americans every year we would not have to give economic aid for European recovery.

HERE is a solution to so many troubles that John Maynard Keynes had never dreamed of. Any European country whose trains, buses, hotels, and restaurants are filled with folks from the United States would certainly frown on the plans of a Communist Party that might put an end to this bonanza. A million tourists would stop the growing European hostility and anger based on the human dislike of accepting charity from this country or anywhere else. If we could double the number of tourists France alone would receive millions a day during the season. When you come to the smaller and more backward countries like Greece the benefits would increase in proportion to the degree of poverty. An American couple in a hotel in Athens might spend in a week enough money to keep a descendant of Pericles and his family going for a whole year. Already in that distressful country the imported American stands next to its richest exports of olive oil and tobacco. When Turkey builds new hotels and furbishes up the streets and old palaces of Istanbul our advertising men can begin to recommend to the citizens of Kanakakee and Oshkosh the delights of the Bosphorous and Gardens of the New Arabian Nights.

The more one surveys this scene of

The Cottage at Alloway

By John Ackerson

MEAN weathered thatch slants over whitewashed walls;
The door's hooked back. Head bare, I enter in
A room for produce, while the next has stalls
For cattle and a pony; far from din
Known on great waters, slowly passing through
A low-ceiled chamber (here the children slept),
I gain the ultimate room, the niche I view,
His birthplace. Forth from this poor bed he crept
Into a world chill as the waves which toss
Our winter voyage, yet, feet wide apart,
Upon damp Scottish earth, gray slate, and moss,
He chanted kindly truths to lift the heart,
Which gains, despite a path that dips and turns,
Man's hallowed future, sung by Robert Burns.

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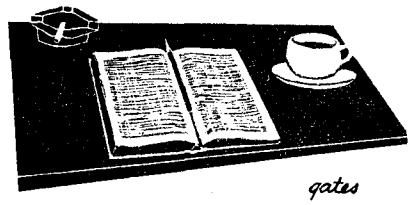
old countries and cities with new hotels and shops and new summer resorts, bustling with Americans and resounding with American voices that drown out the native accents, the more satisfying it becomes to everybody concerned. It is no wonder that plans are being made to persuade the Government to take a hand in it. Why should we not allow the tourist to subtract his traveling expenses from his income tax; why not subsidize his voyages as we have been subsidizing veterans abroad? "One observer," to quote from *The New York Times*, "considers tourism so important to American economy that he made this suggestion, 'We're going at it the wrong way. Instead of sinking four or five billion into Europe's industries, we would do more if we gave people two billion dollars a year with a promise that they spend all of it on their own pleasure outside the United States.' "

The advantages of foreign travel to Americans in education and health are taken for granted even though far too many of them, another "observer" reports, are wasting far too much time and health in bistros, cafes, American bars, and dingy cellar hangouts among the worst teachers for American youths and innocents in the world. Indeed, it is this aspect of Americans abroad that distresses the European a good deal. Since every American might, if he was willing, assume that he is a kind of ambassador without portfolio to whatever country he is visiting, something might be done to improve his manners. A few million spent by the Government for schools to teach Americans how to behave while abroad, as well as the rudiments of foreign languages, would be an excellent investment. When these ambassadors of ours behave like barbarians, shouldering the natives out of the center of their cities every summer, this rain of American dollars may soon appear too expensive in nerves and tempers to endure with equanimity for many years. "Give us back," some politicians may cry, "our country and our debts." Indeed, the doubtful side of this economic Golconda is not what Europe will do to Americans but what we will do to Europeans. Already Parisians are shuddering at the idea of remaining in Paris through another summer. So let us mind our manners when we are the guests of foreigners and pay what they ask without grumbling, though when we leave in the fall they can have the privilege of using the hotels and pleasure resorts that have been built with our money and for our benefit. These, at least, we cannot take back home with us.

—H. S.



Bookmarks

THE first volume of Quincy Howe's excellent "World History of Our Times," covering the period from 1900 to the Armistice of 1918, admirably supplements, in its American portions, two earlier books which, though long out of print, are usually available in the larger second-hand book stores and the reasonably comprehensive public libraries. They are Harry Thurston Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic, 1885-1905" and Elisha Benjamin Andrews's "The History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States, 1870-1895," published, respectively, in 1906 and 1896. None of the three is at all textbooky; Professor Peck, indeed, is sometimes quite unprofessiorially bad-tempered, but that makes so much the better reading. The Andrews book is superbly illustrated and foreshadows the sort of job that Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen manage so effectively. The Andrews - Peck - Howe team, though not a team by intent, provides a vivid conspectus of men and events from grandpa's day to this.

* * *

In a library which arranges its fiction alphabetically by title, a friend of ours recently noted James T. Farrell's "1,000 a Week" under S.

* * *

Sir John Squire, reviewing John Connell's new life of W. E. Henley in *The Illustrated London News*, quotes from it, "as a reminder to rash prophets," a news item which appeared in the *National Observer* for 1905:

> Mr. Winston Leonard Churchill, eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, evidently does not intend to follow in the political footsteps of his father, for he has just been gazetted to the 4th Hussars.

* * *

One tires (at least we do) of the self-conscious inversion "mile after dusty mile," "night after weary night," "hour after dragging hour," on page after damned page.

* * *

Why is it, in English fiction, that practically every character who embarks on a rail journey manages to get an empty compartment?

—J. T. W.

Good News

▸ The atom-smashing cyclotron of the University of California at Berkeley has been used successfully in treating rat cancer.

▸ Good news does travel fast! Congratulations to the *Elkhart* (Indiana) *Truth* which is frontpaging a new column under the heading "Truth of the Matter Is—There's Good News, Too."

▸ Adrian Pelt, U.N. Commissioner for Libya, has reported that an independent government can be expected to take over the administration of the former Italian colony of Libya within the short space of two years.

▸ A permanent International Children's Center, which will work with the United Nations, was recently inaugurated in Paris. Created on the initiative of the French Government, this center will promote prenatal and child care, give courses in pediatrics, child psychology, nutrition, and sickness prevention, and will publicize new ideas and discoveries in the field of child welfare.

▸ Three top Union County, N. J., officials have spurned proposed salary increases of $1,000 a year, contending that low-salaried public workers were entitled to first consideration in the matter of increases.

▸ Medical authorities at the University of Pennsylvania are launching a broad project designed to help persons of all ages who because of hearing defects find it hard to get or keep jobs.

▸ Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman has revealed that for a reclamation investment of less than two billion dollars America has been reaping an annual benefit of more than half a billion dollars in added crop revenues. In addition, there has been a return of more than thirty million dollars annually in revenues from the sale of hydro-electric power, he declared.

▸ California's National Guard has implemented a state law directing the end of segregation in its ranks. Equal opportunity for enlistment, assignment, and promotion will be open to all.

▸ The U. S. Public Health Service reported that deaths from tuberculosis averaged only thirty for each 100,000 population in 1948, down 10 per cent from 1947 and more than 50 per cent from 1930.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Joyce and Gogarty

SIR: It is possible that you will have letters from various persons objecting to Dr. Gogarty's attack upon James Joyce ["They Think They Know Joyce," *SRL* Mar. 18]. As one who venerates the memory of Joyce and has lived in daily intimacy with his work since the publication of "Ulysses," I might be expected to protest also. Instead, I wish to applaud.

Think, sir, of what you have done for us, and all within less than a year. By means of Robert Hillyer you have proved that Pound is not a poet and never has been one. You have shown, thanks to the same eminent authority, that Eliot is not a poet either. And now you demonstrate (this time, to be sure, without editorial confirmation) that Joyce's life work, from "Dubliners" on, is a monumentally practical joke.

This is much. But there is more to be done. I suggest to you a series of articles in this vein, to be entitled "Dogs as Seen by Their Fleas." (Yeats, sure, I know.) Subjects will occur to you, but I nominate as a starter "Picasso the Piffler," by Salvador Dali; "Instead of Cummings He's Wentings," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (after all, they are both New Englanders, although they never roomed together in a martello tower), and "Ives? I've Not!" by—but your musicologist here is better than mine.

This would not only be a public service of the most educational kind. It might also fan the faint giggle, which one hears now and then, into a healthy roar of mirth, and send your circulation skyhooting *in terrorem rivalium.*

(I have never visited Dublin [advt.].)

DUDLEY FITTS.

Andover, Mass.

SIR:

All hail to Mr. Gogarty,
A Saint in name and deed!
To cover our illiteracy
There is no further need.

Suspicion has for many a year
Been whispering of tricks.
James Joyce the Jester found us here
As gullible as hicks.

Of "Finnegans Wake" our leave we take!
No more stand we in awe, sir.
Thanks, Mr. G., you've set us free
From the Joycean Flying Saucer!

WIN ECKHARDT.

Clayton, Mo.

SIR: Angered and disheartened, I protest the shamefully inaccurate, irresponsible, and highly personal vilification of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein that *SRL* has prominently sponsored.

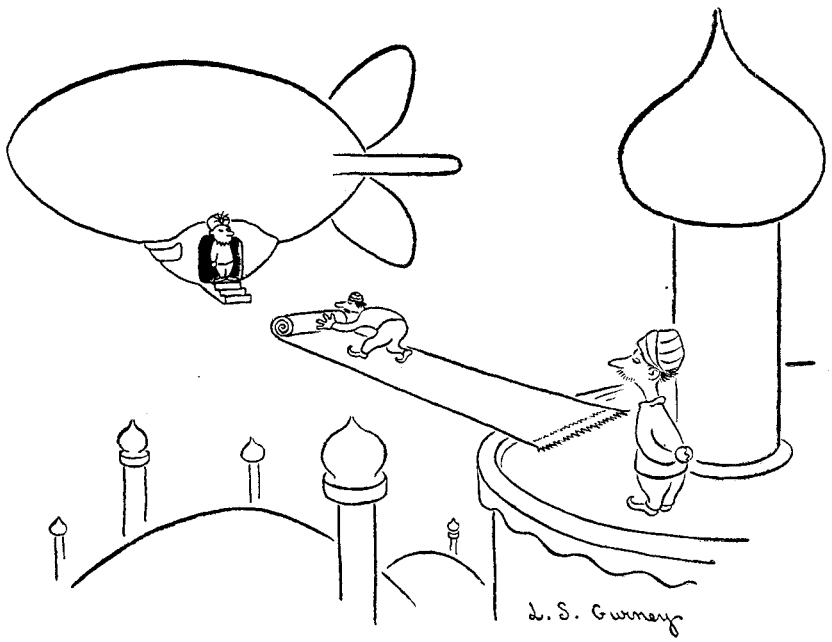
Gogarty's obsessive tirade has nothing to do with literature, and as a play for the approbation of the unthinking, anti-human elements among your readers is on a level with the worst form of newspaper-columnist smear tactics.

Gogarty does not put down the facts. I know that others with ability and more information than I have will certainly set him and you right.

The editors of the *SRL* have performed a disservice to their readers and have now for the second time forfeited any pretenses the *SRL* ever had about its twenty-five or so years as national literary guide.

VINCENT PORCARO.

San Anselmo Calif.



SIR: I cannot subscribe to the statement of Robert N. Kastor that Gogarty's opinions are the "fulminations of a jealous man." As for Mr. Kastor's judgment that Gogarty "has never forgiven his college friend for surpassing him in fame," I hardly regard this as a mature critical judgment. Gogarty has certainly gained a considerable amount of "fame" in fields literary, s c i e n t i f i c, and political; enough, at least, to warrant dismissal of the charge that he is "jealous" of the Joyce reputation.

Gogarty has come nearer to the truth about Joyce than any recent analyst. It remains, however, for a literary figure who is also a psychologist of the Dr. Rudolph Allers stature to explain Joyce and Joycean writing in the light of the inner conflict that Joyce was never quite able to solve.

As for Joseph B. Somerset's allusions to Gogarty's talents as "mediocre" and his opinion that Gogarty has grown "sterile and embittered," I can only say that if Gogarty's style is mediocre, the product of a sterile and embittered man, then the Dublin surgeon must be sipping some marvelous brew before he sits down to write. I would like to get a keg of it.

EDWARD A. CONNELL.

Stamford, Conn.

SIR: I can only infer that the publication of Gogarty's article constitutes another salvo in *SRL*'s offensive against those elements in contemporary literature of which Pound and Joyce are well-known symbols. The technique to be employed was first exhibited in Hillyer's assault on Pound; now it is repeated against Joyce. It is the technique of endeavoring to discredit serious art by defamation, not consideration, to condemn on *ad hominem* rather than on critical grounds, to dismiss the work by calling its author an imposter, and to ridicule its audience by plastering it with the title of "idiocy." It is also part of an effort to discredit certain literary critics who are endeavoring to bring intelligence to bear upon literature, instead of superstition and naive emotion. Now the idea of literature as an activity demanding from readers the exercise of intelligence is fast becoming obsolescent in this age of Flesch formulae and mass-communication. That so widely read a publication as *SRL* has lent itself to the attack of the jackals upon the future of literature as an enterprise of central importance to human culture is just cause for anger on the part of those who decline to regard it as a source of economic gain and spurious prestige.

RUDOLPHE VON ABELE.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Congratulations to Oliver St. John Gogarty for confirming our suspicions about Winnegan's Fake. Of course it won't stop the people who fell for it from going on interpreting "The Master," any more than the little child's remark halted the Emperor's parade in Andersen's fable. But I'll bet the Emperor blushed from stem to stern.

FRANK G. NELSON.

Liberty, Mo.

SIR: What is this? Have Joyce's followers failed him already? Not a word of the lingo that was to be a textbook in the colleges of America for the alert. Why this ignoring of a new dimension in language? What a faint-hearted betrayal! What a stampede! What a gang of Judases! Is it left for me?

It is none of my business to atone for this defection of his fans; but, as

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I shall be leaving for Europe shortly, I would like to answer all the letters, read and unread, that will denounce me in my absence.

Here goes (the numerals are page references to the text of "Finnegans Wake"):

Wringlins and wronglins (367) gyrotundro! Hop lala. You allus for the kunst and me for something with a handle to it. And be the coop of his gobbo. Reacher the Thaud things your girth fatter. (319)

Did Box then try to shine his puss? (517) Blotogaff hahah. (522) Hellsdend, wheeldselse. Scolderymeid. (239) Whater in publics give you the fantods. Ma's da. Da's ma. (496)

Wetting his moll we know like any enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden in her rougey gipsylike chinkamink pulshandynpeyjade and her pelsybluse indecked o' voylets.

Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Gobugga ye, sez I. La calumnia pirryplicathathim. (95)

Now that I have become initiated, I will try my prentice hand at the jargon by way of a reply to my detractors:

"O castor and pollexfen, fen will this summerset? Not in august-Stien." Harlyadrope.

Now that I am well on the way for the Nobel Prize for Nonsense, I will desist.

OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY.

New York, N. Y.

Tragedy

SIR: How tragic to find a journal of your high caliber being swept into the maelstrom of anti-liberal hysteria now prevalent in our public prints.

Of rascals and nihilists there are far too many; but to find them lurking in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, that is more than I would expect.

Capitalism is dying, and nothing can save it. Not even a Robert Payne or a Cardinal Spellman.

THE GUY WHO KNOWS.

P. S. I dare you to print this!

Real Happiness

SIR: Dr. Fredric Wertham's review of "The Art of Real Happiness," by Norman Vincent Peale, D. D., and Smiley Blanton, M. D. [*SRL* Apr. 22], is an excellent example of an intemperate diatribe being substituted for a book review.

A publisher can have no quarrel with an editor for choosing as the reviewer of a book by a minister of religion and a Christian psychiatrist and psychoanalyst a man whose models of reasoning "were either outspoken atheists or advocated the complete elimination of theological thinking from scientific psychiatry." However, a publisher is also free to point out that such a review assignment can result only in a review which is far from objective.

K. S. GINIGER,
Editor-in-chief,
Trade Book Division,
Prentice-Hall, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have read with some dismay the unsympathetic review by my colleague Dr. Wertham. I sympathize with Dr. Wertham in his distrust of easy solutions to the personal unhappinesses of troubled individuals, and it may be that Dr. Blanton and Rev. Peale and their publishers have erred on the optimistic side in this presentation. But they do not deserve the inferences and accusations contained in this review.

For example, the reviewer says that "the real message of the book seems to be that one can find happiness if one has enough faith, enough psychiatry, and enough money." Perhaps the modesty of the authors is partly responsible for obscuring from Dr. Wertham the fact that the psychiatrists at the Marble Collegiate Church receive no compensation for their counsel at the church clinic, and the church clinic makes no charge to those who consult it. Most of them are probably individuals who cannot afford private fees and who have as much right to take advantage of a service like this offered by a church as to accept service like this from Bellevue Hospital.

On the theoretical side, Dr. Wertham doesn't speak for American psychiatry or represent preponderant psychiatric thinking when he dismisses religion and theology as of no contribution to psychiatric thinking and practice. Faith and the other components of religion are a very real force in the lives of most people, and no psychiatry can be considered sound which attempts to ignore any powerful reality. We certainly do not need to be reminded that religious interpretations have at times obstructed science, but it would be equally unfortunate if science, including the science of psychiatry, were so presumptuous as to attempt to obstruct religion.

As for the wisecrack that the book advocates psychiatry for the normal and religion for the abnormal, one might ask, "Why not?" We already have psychiatry for the abnormal and religion for the normal, and if this book points up the possibilities of a bilateral extension, it has done us a service. That psychiatry is connected only with the abnormal side of life is a notion which not only the authors of this book have sought to dispel, but many others within the field of psychiatry.

The idea of cooperation seems to some of us to be a constructive one, and we welcome the cooperation with psychiatry of religious institutions and educational institutions and other institutions. Dr. Wertham seems to imply that he looks upon such marriages of constructive effort as ridiculous. Perhaps they are; perhaps all human cooperation is futile. But some of us are compelled to believe that all mankind is one and that by joining the forces of good we have a better chance to keep in control the incessant forces of evil. For those of us who feel this way the earnest efforts of honest men to work together toward the common goal will command our respect and our admiration rather than our deprecations.

KARL MENNINGER.

Topeka, Kan.

SIR: Having just read Dr. Wertham's review, I am very unhappy. Apparently Dr. Wertham was unhappy, too, only for a different reason. He was unhappy with the book, I with the review.

When is there going to be a moratorium put upon the idea that just because a book is written so it can be understood by the reading audience towards whom it is addressed that it is *ipso facto* superficial? As one who is reasonably familiar with the work that is done in the Marble Collegiate Church Clinic (where Peale and Blanton cooperate as minister and psychiatrist) regardless of Dr. Wertham's invidious implications, I know that a tremendous amount of good is done among all classes of people, rich and poor alike, who find through the power of religious faith a guide to confident living.

PAUL L. McKAY.

Akron, O.

SIR: Shades of theological thinking! All the pioneer psychiatrists whom Fredric Wertham has known "were either outspoken atheists or advocated the complete elimination of theological thinking from scientific psychiatry." As if "elimination of theological thinking" equals atheism. Just how scientific is the thinking which accredits a psychiatrist according to his theism or atheism? Or is psychiatry a new form of religion—atheism, open only to its adherents? Is this scientific psychiatry, characterized by "complete elimination of theological thinking"?

CONRAD BERGENDOFF,
President, Augustana College.

Rock Island, Ill.

Corpus Christi Workout

SIR: Lack of information undoubtedly explains why the Southwest Writers' Conference was not listed in "Workouts for Writers" [*SRL* Apr. 1]. Our seventh annual conference at Corpus Christi plans, as usual, a practical program. Thirty to forty successful writers, editors, and publishers will lecture, appear on forums, or assist with symposiums and workshops. The dates: June 3-6.

DEE WOODS.

Corpus Christi, Tex.

Slaying the Proofreader

SIR: It is more likely that your proofreader rather than Nathan Rothman erred in quoting Emerson [*SRL* March 18, page 15]. It is not

If the red slayer thinks he slays
Or if the slain thinks he is slain—

but

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,

B. W. HUEBSCH.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

OUT OF THIS WORLD

CRABBED age and youth are not supposed to be able to live together. Yet if crabbed age is to get the most out of "Peter Pan"* (and there is still a lot of pleasure to be had from it) it should be seen through the eyes of youth. We who have grown older, even if we have not grown up, cheat ourselves if we venture into Never Never Land with those who are our companions in years. Not only time but the times have taken their toll. We adults have become cynical. More than having lost our innocence, we are apt to have lost that enraptured capacity for wonder which is the basis of enchantment. The world in which we find ourselves is aggressively unfay. The facts of contemporary living, ugly and insistent as they are, have calloused us to fantasy. We find it hard to believe in Grimm when spelled with two m's. Our vocabularies have changed with our changing minds and hearts. Fairies, alas, are no longer what they once were.

Barrie himself, always one of the most elfin of authors, demands from us a strong-minded—or is it a weak-willed—readjustment to be enjoyed nowadays. Not unnaturally, we cringe a little at his coyness. Beguiling as his imagination was, his appetite for intellectual marshmallows amounted to a lust. If only he had not been so fond of biting his pen with his sweet tooth! What adult, however sentimental, can fail to wince—or worse—when Peter says, for example, "You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. And now when every new baby is born its first laugh becomes a fairy. So there ought to be one fairy for every boy or girl."

But, let me repeat, we are fools indeed if we, as elders, take the elderly with us to see "Peter Pan." We could not be guilty of a sillier mistake. We could not be more lacking in self-indulgence. "Peter Pan" is bound to quicken in us the remembrance of our own youth. This in itself is not enough. It can even be dangerous. If such ignited recollections may create a bridge they can also create a barrier. No, at "Peter Pan" we need the young with us. At any performance children are certain to crowd the house. Their presence helps. So does their noisy participation in the proceedings. Both are to "Peter Pan" what yeast is to dough.

Even so, it is wisest, for the sake of complete enjoyment, to have in the seat next to you a child of the proper credulity, perched so as to miss nothing on your folded overcoat and his, clutching at your hand, listening and looking with bug-eyed wonder at everything that is being said or done, and squealing with delight. What you and I think is beside the point. What such a pint-sized companion thinks is all-important.

The intermissions are the true measure of the thralldom in which "Peter Pan" holds those who have not grown up. Then it is that the aisles are turned into such runways as the busiest airports do not know. Little boys and girls, joyously freed from the blighting influence of their parents, can hardly wait to affirm their belief in Barrie's play. They jostle one another as, with their arms spread wide, they race up and down, prepared for that take-off which not only Peter but the Darling children have convinced them is within each small mortal's reach.

THE law of gravity being almost as obstinate as all that is prosaic on this planet, they remain carpet-bound. This, however, is an irrelevance. By rushing forward, jet-propelled by hope, they have paid the final tribute. They have confessed their surrender and their faith. Their palm-blistering applause for Tinker Bell when her life is threatened is as nothing compared to the high esteem they express for "Peter Pan" by turning their arms into wings and demonstrating that

—George Karger-Pix, Inc.

Jean Arthur and Marcia Henderson—"a 'Peter Pan' belonging to Wendy."

PETER PAN, by Sir James M. Barrie. Directed by John Burrell. Associate director, Wendy Toye. Settings by Ralph Alswang. Costumes by Motley. Music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein. Presented by Peter Lawrence and R. L. Stevens. With a cast including Jean Arthur, Boris Karloff, Marcia Henderson, Peg Hillias, Joe E. Marks, Norman Shelly, Charles Taylor, Jack Dimond, etc. At the Imperial Theatre, New York City. Opened April 24, 1950.

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RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
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Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
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Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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Based on the Book of the Same Name
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Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
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LOST IN THE STARS
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THE THEATRE GUILD & JOHN C. WILSON present
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
I KNOW MY LOVE
A play by S. N. BEHRMAN
Adapted from "Auprès de ma Blonde"
By MARCEL ACHARD
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea., 44 Street West of Broadway
Evenings 8:30, Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

they, too, are on the verge of soaring.

It is impossible to watch these children without envy. Some of us from the dim, dim past remember when Maude Adams (was ever any Peter Pan so entrancing!) tempted us into making our own bruising experiments with levitation. We also recall the moment when, at Miss Adams's request, we deafened ourselves and everyone near us by applauding to save Tinker Bell's life. Ours had not been the experience Donald Ogden Stewart recorded when, introducing his "Parody Outline of History" in the manner of William Lyon Phelps, he had Mr. Phelps write:

"I shall never forget the moment when Peter came to the front of the stage and asked the audience if we believed in fairies. I am happy to say that I was actually the first to respond. Leaping at once out of my seat, I shouted 'Yes—Yes!' To my intense pleasure the whole house almost instantly followed my example, with the exception of one man. This man was sitting directly in front of me. His lack of enthusiasm was to me incredible. I pounded him on the back and shouted, 'Great God, man, are you alive! Wake up! Hurrah for the fairies! Hurrah!' Finally he uttered a rather feeble 'Hurrah!' Childe Roland to the dark tower came. That was my first meeting with that admirable statesman Woodrow Wilson."

When we saw Miss Adams we did not meet Mr. Wilson. Had we done so, we would not have known who he was. We did, however, encounter for the first time Nana, the dog-nurse. We did marvel at Tinker Bell. We were entranced by Wendy's sewing on of Peter's shadow. We did want to cheer when Peter in his flights around the stage landed as easily on the mantelpiece as if it were the floor. Out of sheer pleasure we held our breath when the windows at the back of the nursery opened and Peter and the Darlings winged their way into space. Once Never Land, that most magical of realms, was disclosed, we thrilled at the Indians, shuddered at the pirates, trembled at Captain Hook, and doted on the alligator with the tell-tale clock in his belly who, having devoured the villainous Captain's right arm, had followed him around ever since in the hope of gobbling up the rest of him. We envied Wendy her house in the treetops, where Peter

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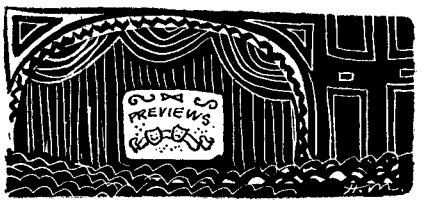
could visit her once a year, and felt deeply sorry for both the Darling children and ourselves that they ever had to come back to their own home and lead normal, school-going, and maturing lives.

These were among the enchanting delights of our first seeing of "Peter Pan." We were not able to recapture them when Marilyn Miller, so pretty, so graceful, and yet somehow so vacuous, played Peter. In Walter Prichard Eaton's words, when Miss Miller flew in the window Peter Pan flew out. Miss LeGallienne's production was captivating. So was she. It revived for us some of the original wonders. The fault was ours, not hers, if we did not respond to her as utterly as we did to Miss Adams. We were no longer so young as we had been. It was our increased age, too, which, no doubt, kept us from accepting Betty Bronson's film version with our initial lack of reservations.

IF my pleasure in the current "Peter Pan" was nearly as whole-hearted as it had been years and years ago the real reason was the young person sitting beside me. It was his enjoyment that became mine. Nothing could have been more unbounded than his absorption or more limitless than his acceptance. He howled with glee. He had the right uninhibited reactions to all the shivery threats. During both intermissions on the way to the lobby he made a short dash, his arms spread wide, seeming to believe for the moment that he would soon find the ceiling an impediment. He even applauded the ailing Tinker Bell. He did this shyly, confessing afterwards that, though he did not really believe in fairies, he felt he ought to help her out.

Needless to say, the boy beside me is only one of the thousands of children (and hence of accompanying parents) made happy by the current revival of "Peter Pan." And why not? Here is a production admirably staged by John Burrell, imaginatively set by Ralph Alswang, colorfully costumed by Motley, and given the benefit of music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein. The Indians and the pirates are as fearsome as they should be. The Lost Boys are a resolute crew of youngsters who, as is plain to see, have been fed on properly energizing cereals. Tinker Bell remains another proof that Edison did not live in vain. Norman Shelly's Nana is as irresistible as Schwarz's windows at Christmastime. Certainly, no Wendy has ever been more charming than Marcia Henderson's. And, although Boris Karloff may surprise many by being as benevolent as he must be as Mr. Darling, he is triumphantly and gloriously sinister as Captain Hook.

My companion had only admiration for Jean Arthur's Peter Pan. The rest of the audience, juvenile and autumnal, was equally enthusiastic. As for myself, though I respected and envied Miss Arthur's flying and was touched from time to time by the simplicity of her playing and the catch in her voice, I had my reservations. Of



course, I kept these to myself. As an old and staunch admirer of Miss Arthur, I could not understand why so pretty a woman had gone to such pains to create so plain a Peter Pan. The boy she portrays not only looks like a cross between Burgess Meredith and Mary Martin but has a touch of Huck Finn in him. I missed Miss Adams's and Miss LeGallienne's glamour. Above all, I missed their ability to dominate both the stage and the play. To my discomfort I found that at most moments this was a "Peter Pan" belonging to Wendy rather than to Peter.

Perhaps there is an unconscious rightness in such a shift of emphasis. In spite of its enchantments, "Peter Pan" has always been a fantasy which would have been strengthened had Philip Wylie been called in for a few last-minute revisions. It is as mother-ridden as was Barrie's own life. Arnold Bennett had the perception to realize this long ago. He had first seen "Peter Pan" in 1906. In his "Journal" he then described it as possessing "sheer genius." He even went so far as to hail it "as the finest modern work for the English stage." But in 1924 when he attended a revival, though he still found it "full of the most charming fancy and invention, and often very true to life," Bennett noted that "it isn't about P.P. and not growing up, it's all about the mother-theme, with which Barrie must have been greatly preoccupied when he wrote it. The real mother dominates the first and last acts (in particular, last scene but two and last scene but one). In the other acts Wendy plays at being a mother and P.P. at being a father. Everyone wants to be mothered—even Smee—except the braves and some of the pirates. The play is simply all mothering. Even the dog is a mother-nurse."

What Freud or Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly in "The Cocktail Party" would have made of Barrie's lifelong affair with Margaret Ogilvy, we have fortunately been spared. All that really matters in the case of so triumphant a production of "Peter Pan" as the present one is, as I have pointed out, what the young playgoers sitting next to the old playgoers think of it. They do not merely like it; they lap it up. In addition to giving them the most uproarious and contagious pleasure, it almost gives them wings.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Apocalypse

By Jeremy Ingalls

THAT direst night, suppose there be no sound
But tree frog treble, locust, summer's alto,
Mosquito, thin soprano, chuff and hum
Of common engines, caveat trombone
Of trains too usual for blood-charged warning.
Suppose the trumpet signal set too fine
And rare a wave for any ear, that morning?

That direst night, suppose no odor rise
But spice of mint and heady languors borne
From peonies last blooming, pungence let
From young nasturtium, metaphor to flame,
But never lurk of brimstone stench for warning?
Suppose the red star's burst be set too soon
And sudden pounce on nostrils waked to morning?

That direst night, suppose there be no glare
But bob and splash of flashlights down a lane,
Black cat's dilating glint, the fireflies' dart,
Mild predatory flight through arc-lit trees,
And never horrid moons on midnight staring
All sleepers up to prayers. Suppose? Suppose
Our eyes be closed, no heart to warn the morning.

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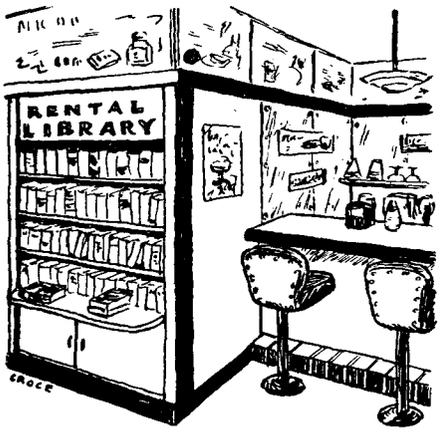
Publishers' Corner

THOSE CHIMERICAL RIGHTS, PART I

I HAVE been reporting here that trade-book publishers have been having the troubles common to a great many businesses: increasing costs, a heavy investment in inventories, and unprofitable operations. (Trade-book publishers are those who sell fiction or other books that are, or should be, of interest to the general public—as distinct from specialized, technical, or religious books.) The root of the evil seems to be simply an inability to build more sales and to recoup higher costs out of current dollar volumes of sales. Costs have increased so much since the war that we have got into trouble wondering how to make ends meet. Raising prices is no answer since it cuts the volume of sales.

Not discussed here has been a very profitable source of publisher income —the sale of extra rights. For years "rights" have been one of the sustaining mechanics by which the trade-book business has kept going. These extras are the publishers' share (usually 50 per cent of the total paid; the rest goes to the author) of payments from sales of permission to reproduce or use books by book clubs, reprint houses, pocket-book publishers, magazines, newspapers (in syndications), movies, foreign publications, and other sources. This extra source of income is essential to independent trade-book publishing. Intelligent management of the sources of rights income may easily make the difference between closing up and continuing in business.

How well have publishers organized rights income? Certainly all of them welcome the calls from book clubs, reprinters, or anthologists telling of adoptions. Yet even at this late date not all publishers are fully converted to the realization that many forms of



re-publication—say magazine serialization—really build the market for their book. Some still act as they did when the Book-of-the-Month Club started. Then it was attacked as a threat to the primary market, but experience has shown that book clubs, like other reprint forms, have enormously stimulated the sales of books through this primary market, the book store. Perhaps it is this unwillingness to recognize how new formats can help original issues that makes the organized seeking of rights so spotty. Publishers certainly are not evenly matched in their hunt for this extra income.

Some, for example, are not even fully organized to cover the more than seventy book-club and reprint sources or the dozen or more digest magazines. Some do little planning for syndication, excerpting, radio and television sales, or deals with commercial sources which put books into some kind of advertising or into toys, games, or calendars. On the other hand, some have excellent field forces stimulating business, suggesting ideas, using great imagination and ingenuity, finding new forms and new formats, new places where income can be developed from the whole book or parts of it.

These rights have acquired a distorted, glamourous reputation because occasional jackpots bring in sizable sums. I know many cases where they have actually been the reason why the same businesslike, hard-working, culturally responsible publisher had a profit in one year and a loss in another. (Or maybe he had books good enough to get rights in one year and not in another.) So embroidered is this rosette to the uninitiated that it has led students of the business to this argument: things are really pretty good with book publishers; all this talk of unprofitable operations is a form of business hypochondria; the only trouble with publishers is that they do not have the integrity to conduct their accounting practices more honestly; if they did, they would always base their accounting and perhaps their prices on the certainty of the extra income.

An example of this view is that taken by William Miller in his "The Book Industry" (*SRL* Oct. 29, 1949). The thesis Miller offers—which seems naive to an accountant knowing the industry figures—is this: publishers' bookkeeping methods are dishonest because they treat rights receipts as extra income. What they should do is to assume the extra rights will usually come. Thus, they would regularly charge part of the normal production, selling, delivery, and overhead costs against the possibility of rights. Naturally, most books under this system would show a fine profit. If it were put into effect we would certainly get a much better looking profit on sales to book stores. We might also have a bankrupt book business.

All this reminds me of an accounting device in use at the turn of the century. Then most publishers were misled to capitalize the cost of preparing a book for the presses. The theory was that no one could honestly foretell the life of a book. Therefore, the so-called plant cost (the getting-ready expense) was something like the good will of a business. You ought not to count it in your operating costs. The result was inevitable. Most of those who followed this practice almost got into the hands of the sheriff. The same result would obtain if we assumed book costs should be in part charged to the rights and in part to trade sales.

I intend to follow up some of Miller's sources, visiting the same people, going over their accounting mechanics with them, checking their income and their costs. In next month's column I hope to put down the unvarnished story about the real effect of rights on publishers' income.

MARCH 1950 trade-book sales were 85.4 per cent of those in the corresponding month last year. During the first quarter of 1950 trade-book sales were 94 per cent of those during the same period in 1949. These figures refer to sales from publishers to retailers and other distributors. Several additional publishers are now contributing their figures monthly to the CORNER, and the index embodies a very healthy representation of total industry trade-book sales.

—J. K. LASSER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 841)

DOROTHEA F. C. FISHER:
FOUR SQUARE

(From the short story "Henry and His Aunt Anna")

Aunt Anna was crying, shaking Henry's arm, . . . asking . . . questions over and over. Half-kill themselves . . . and leave their work, looking for Bess when she's lost on the mountain, why won't they vote a cent to keep her from being lost in life?

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

ing up muscle and appetite through doing farm chores. He is initiated into the skills of lumbering, trapping, and handling a pack of hounds. "Hie to the hunters," cries mother Arn and puffs her pipe as the boys set out over the hills.

During most of the time the boys are undisturbed by the outside world, but ultimately Will Hargis, Did's wicked and bigoted father, discovers where his son is located, and his attempts to reclaim the boy supply the plot structure. Sparkie's folks will not hold Did against his will; neither will they surrender him if he prefers to stay, and that is his choice.

As a result, there are two major battles between the townies of Greenwood and the hillbillies of Plum Grove which strain the credulity of those who expect even romantic fiction to have persuasiveness. Though the plot episodes seem contrived and unconvincing, though the adult characters are oversimplified, there is a ring of sincerity to the total scene.

"A lot of money is a worrisome thing that kills a body's pleasures," says Sparkie's mother toward the end, and that is seemingly the author's message. That was what Did learned from his year in the hills and the reader is convinced that that conclusion will remain with Did validly and forever.

The Greatest Courage

THIS AND NO MORE. By Benedict and Nancy Freedman. New York: Harper & Bros. 406 *pp.* $3.50.

By Christine Noble Govan

WHEN Lucien Sadler was a small boy he was stricken with rheumatic fever. For months he lay in bed analyzing the reactions of the people around him, wondering, exploring his emotions in the long, long thoughts of youth. This habit of analyzing—coupled with a flair for mathematics—never left him, though occasionally it failed actually to help him.

His father had told him—when he was trying to walk after bed-ridden months — "Everything that's alive stays alive by fighting. Sure, you always lose the struggle, but you win something." His colored nurse — apropos of his father's death — said, "When people stop eatin' they're liars, 'cause tomorrow they'll eat, and when people go around with gloomy faces they're liars, 'cause tomorrow they'll be laughing. . . . And the Lord don't want none of them." On these two hard bits of philosophy young Lucien built his faith, and though it wavered mightily at times and sometimes fell flat, it was something to build on.

Lucien was a bright, precocious, and sensitive boy, and that kind is more open to wounds than any other. Life took several swipes at him in the form of the silly, greedy sweetheart of his high-school days, a stupid girl who caused him trouble for the rest of his life. The death of his father and the remarriage of his mother were two more blows. In the struggle he lost, again and again, but there was a slow gain of maturity.

When stark tragedy hit him at the age of thirty Lucien went under and for a long period — all his lessons forgotten — he was submerged by grief.

After much seeking he found the answer, one that was satisfactory to him, but which will not be to many readers. For Lucien, through weeks of seeking and agony, came to the conclusion that the greatest courage, the ultimate strength was to acknowledge that death was the end. He felt that man must make the fullest use of life and all its fascinating and rewarding possibilities because there was this — and no more.

One might quarrel with the motivations in the book at several points, and with the morbid concern the authors show with the details of the mental and physical illnesses in the book. But the story is direct and full of interest and will have a great appeal for the reader who likes detailed analysis of the development of character.

Fiction Notes

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER, by Elizabeth Corbett. Doubleday. $2.50. Anyone who has previously been exposed to Miss Corbett's dream empire knows exactly what it contains. It is consistent. It is gaudy. It is top-heavy with big business, lavish with love and luxury and licensed lechery. Tycoons and tycoonesses scurry from Wisconsin castles to press the pulse of Washington or to throw a little weight in expectant ventures. It has to be the turn of the century when turrets towered from that great big old house on the hill and when taxes weren't even mentioned. In this latest foray into Christopher Hastings's kingdom his twice-widowed daughter takes on her third mate. He's a Senator this time and, though she wavered momentarily in favor of a local farm boy, we can look forward to a whirl of gaiety and influence and easy fraternization with the mighty in Washington. Count on Miss Corbett.

THE DOCTOR HAS A FAMILY, by Evelyn Barkins. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $2.75. Just when this particular doctor has office hours seems something of a minor mystery. But that little black bag must be ever ready to pay calls to other people's houses. The clutter at home can be put behind him, the din of happy laughter silenced temporarily. Illness must be a welcome antidote for the insistent romping and steady growth of the Barkins brood. Because they do spread out. Two girls and a baby boy can make a multitude. Education, behavior, childish curiosities, and cute conceits come up for the count. An enforced hegira to Scarsdale opens the sore of suburbia and all the while Mrs. B. is over a hot stove, at her typewriter, or stalking a publisher.

Undeviatingly good-humored and relentlessly energetic.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING, by H. Vernor Dixon. Harper. $2.75. The seamier side of sunny California opens up to reveal vistas of gore, perversion, various forms of heady overindulgence, and an abyss of criminal filth. The underworld has never seemed so deeply imbedded. We're challenged to read so far and try to resist breaking the seal. Well, we do break the seal. We want to know whether or not Gil Dixon, double-crossing crook, gets what's coming his way. A beauty boy, ex-Hollywood bit-player, gambler, blackmailer, low cheat, and utterly amoral libertine, he becomes involved in a murder and for an intoxicating interlude rides high because of what he knows. The

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cards collapse after the seal is broken.

Stumbling suspense blocked by a repeated accent on just plain dirt.

GIVE US OUR YEARS, by Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper. $2.75. Marriages may totter but can be steadied. It's all in understanding, acceptance, and tolerance. For the middle-aged the threat of time makes for much of the old foolishness. Extravagance, one last fling, and an attempt to entangle the young mess up established menages. For the younger marrieds the extra-curricular activity is easier, more attractive, backed by achievement, but just as dangerous to the institution. Then there is the engaged couple whose worlds and parents part them tragically, and the moral of noninterference is highly pointed. Nothinging smooth in the making or the maintenance of the best considered unions.

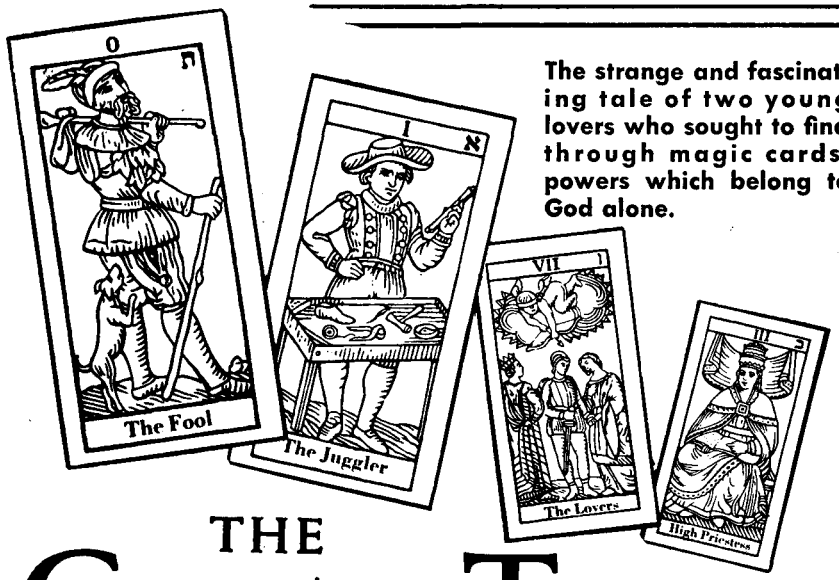
Lovelorn jottings, in and around Chicago's statelier dwellings.

TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL, by Peggy Goodin. Dutton. $2.50. The little girl grows up. She's on her own. "Mom" and the sorority and convention can go hang. Pressure has been repulsed, opinion tossed aside. Courage based on conviction triumphs and an individual emerges. None of this is easy and probably never harder than as a teen-ager in a Midwestern college. Succumbing to the irresistible charm of being wanted, the daughter of an "alum," former member of "Queens," wears her pigtails, drinks her gin, cherishes her frat pin, and runs for a shameful time with the herd. Jolted into independence, she recognizes that vast world beyond the correct corral, and the future appears to be brighter.

Documentary, acid, and unquestionably to the point.

AGAINST THE TIDE, by Muriel Elwood. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Los Angeles a-borning in the 1810's. Nearby ranches and one or two wildcat silver mines add excitement to expansion. The conquered Spaniards resent the "gringo." The Westerner sneers at the New Yorker, and the miner calls the city-dweller soft. But, as the title puts it, you can't buck progress. The telephone comes along with the horseless carriage, the railroad, and the gas stove. Enmities melt at the altar; floods, plagues, and ancient hates wither in proportion to the march of "manifest destiny."

Comfortably told in slightly shredded prose. All gamblers are "inveterate"; belles are "reigning," or were; conventions are made to be "flouted"; and if any clinging is done it's done



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—*Saturday Review of Literature*

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BY ENNIO FLAIANO

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—CHARLES J. ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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—*Chicago Tribune*

"Stirring and suspenseful...Ennio Flaiano has a gift much like Conrad's. . . . He possesses the same intensity and wealth of imagination."—*Saturday Review of Literature*
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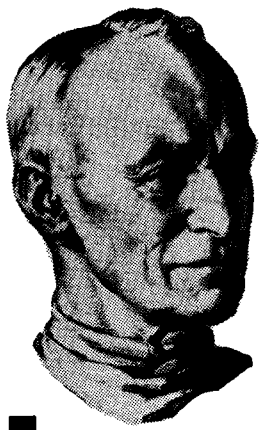

Harvey Cushing

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By ELIZABETH H. THOMSON

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Miss Thomson has given us an engaging picture of his wife and family and shows for the first time what a large part Mrs. Cushing played in influencing her husband's career. This book, is, in fact, the whole warm, intensely human story of Dr. Cushing's personal and professional life.

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THE LOST LAMP, by Sara Jenkins. Crowell. $3. A week in the life of a Methodist minister, the week before Christmas at that. Taken day by day, a soul struggle is laid bare, a wavering faith is restored, and a sense of failure vanquished. The proud preacher finally latches onto tolerance and a more assured income through humility. Father of six children, only four living, husband to faithful, uncomplaining Margaret, Brother Winfree moves from parish to lesser parish antagonizing his flock through arrogance. Living on the Christian gesture, dependent on the handout, cast-off clothes, and surplus chicken pies, the family unit understandably totters. It takes the little girl to enlighten the darkness with traditional childish wisdom.

Motto material, unhurried, unruffled, and unrealized.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

A SPELL FOR OLD BONES, by Eric Linklater. Macmillan. $2.50. Mr. Linklater is a writer who rarely fails to satisfy the reader in quest of skilful fantasy expressed with delightful humor in good prose. The present book is a sort of combination fairy tale—for adults, to be sure—and historical fable, into which the astute reader may read a good deal of significance for our time. The story is about Scotland of the first century A.D., at the period when England was suffering from the Roman invasion. Scotland apparently was undergoing troubles of her own, chiefly in the shape of giants who sprang up here and there and insisted that their gianthood entitled them to rule people and to dictate to them as to how they should live.

Stupid, boorish fellows are these giants, and the real fun starts when they are pitted against each other. But they wouldn't be half the fun if it were not for the presence of a poet, who, being normal in size, must needs have the wit of a dozen to circumvent the mountains of brawn which pass under the names of Furbister and Od McGammon. Albyn became a poet only because he didn't like to work; nonetheless he was far more useful than either of the giants, for one of whom, indeed, he found a wife, a giantess who is sure to give the reader many a chuckle. Besides, Albyn cured the King's daughter Liss of her speechlessness, caused by Furbister, and won her love, which, it is shown, was better than the poet's wisdom. Albyn was an easy-going fellow, which makes him a charming companion for the reader, though not always a reliable one for Liss. Behind the façade of fantasy, there is the telling realism of ideas, expressed with all the good nature of an enlightened skeptic.

—JOHN CURNOS.

DOWN RIVER, by Richard Anderson. Binfords & Mort. $2.50. For a first novel this is a remarkably outstanding achievement. In fact if the publishers had not told us the author was twenty-seven we should unquestionably accept "Down River" as the work of a mature writer with many books to his credit. Richard Anderson's writing displays not only a brilliant perception and understanding of human lives, but the stamp of an artist whose roots are very deep in American soil. Though many readers of this small volume will hear echoes of familiar voices—Steinbeck, Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson, and others—the simplicity of Mr. Anderson's prose is vigorously fresh and original.

To the people on Fishermen's Slough the Columbia River is a symbol of many things although fundamentally it is always a means, often the only means, of earning a livelihood To Henry it is a river of freedom, a place where he can raise his voice as never before and shout like a man. To Clara, his wife, the river means drudgery, boredom, and terrible uncertainty. To Barney and Myra it holds the promise of escape to a better life and to Dolly, their daughter, it is a river of loneliness until Henry arrives and gives it new meaning. To Judge it is a place to fish, relax, and observe one's fellow men. As we see the salmon fill their nets so do we see these tragicomic figures caught in the struggle of life while flowing endlessly beneath their feet is the great and silent river.

At season's end Clara tells Henry he is to become a father. Thinking it will be his child Henry decides to take her back to the city, and Judge says to him:

> "You won't leave the river. A part of it stays with you. You'll come back. When the spring salmon start running again, and—you'll come back." There was no tone of argument, but a certain relentlessness. "You've been on the river and it will be in you all your life. The river has touched you in ways you may not realize. Believe me," he said, "or don't believe me."

And so has Richard Anderson touched us in many ways and made us much richer for the experience. We hope that he'll come back soon with another book but until he does we may find ourselves rereading "Down River," wondering about the people on Fishermen's Slough and wondering, too, about the river.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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THE

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

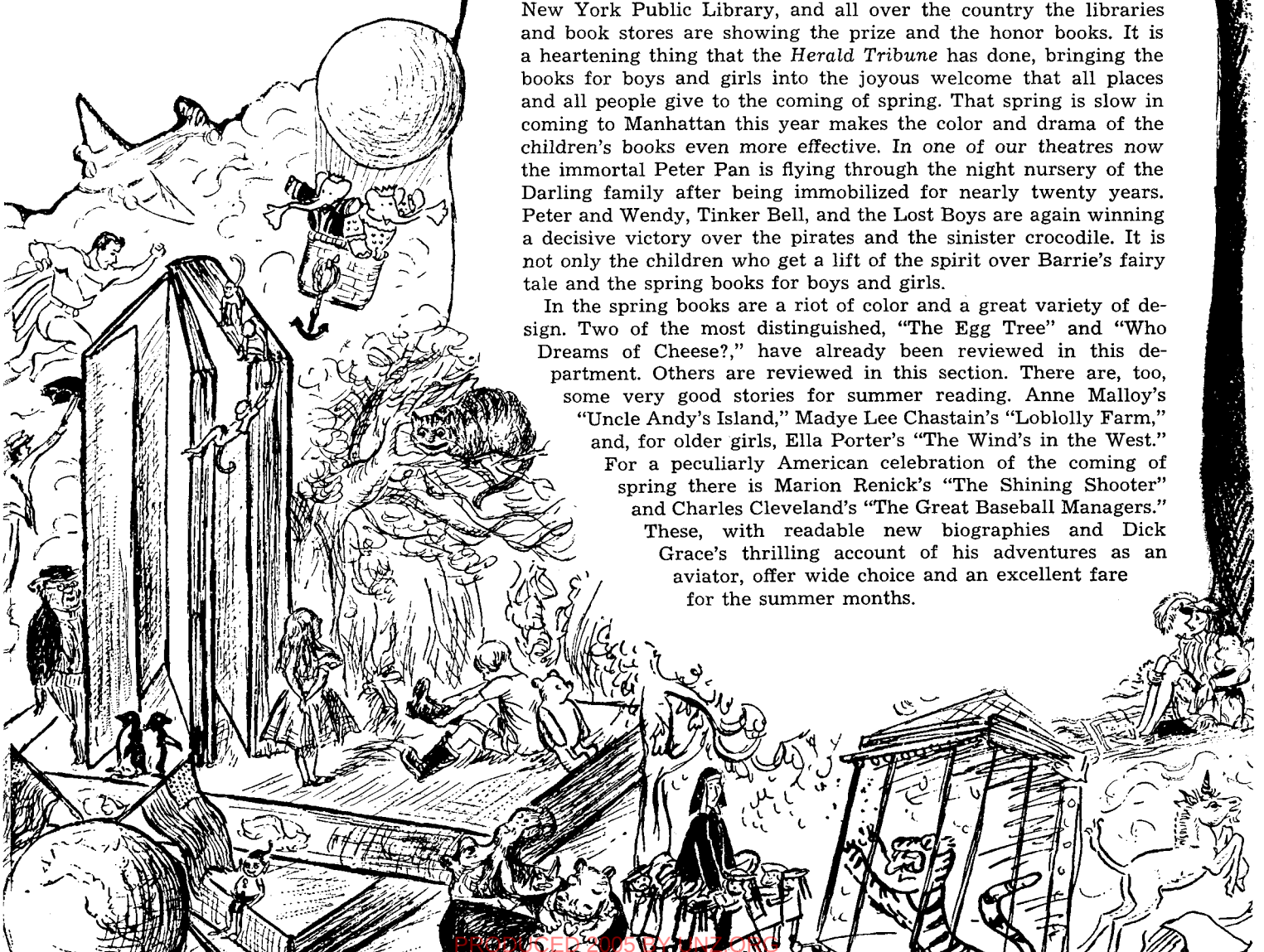
Guide to Books for Young People

EDITED BY MARY GOULD DAVIS

Spring Festival

THE *Herald Tribune* Spring Festival of books for children awarded the prize for the most distinguished picture book published in 1950 to Ludwig Bemelmans's "Sunshine." The honor picture books are "Pictures of France by Her Children," selected by J. M. Paillard with a text by Marion Cothren; "The Egg Tree," by Katherine Milhous; "Pawnee," by Thelma Harrington Bell with drawings by Corydon Bell, and "Charley the Horse," by Tony Palazzo. For the "middle-aged" children the prize went to "Windfall Fiddle," by Carl Carmer. The honor books for this group were "The Tune Is in the Trees," by Maud Hart Lovelace; "Herbert," by Hazel Wilson; "Homer the Tortoise," by Margaret J. Baker, and "The Radio Imp," by Archie Binns. In the group for older boys and girls the committee awarded the prize to "Amos Fortune: Free Man," by Elizabeth Yates. The honor books were "Debbie of the Green Gate," by Helen Daringer; "The Story of Irving Berlin," by David Ewen; "Quest in the Desert," by Roy Chapman Andrews, and "Farm Boy," by Douglas Gorsline. The original drawings for "Sunshine" are now on exhibit in the Children's Room of the New York Public Library, and all over the country the libraries and book stores are showing the prize and the honor books. It is a heartening thing that the *Herald Tribune* has done, bringing the books for boys and girls into the joyous welcome that all places and all people give to the coming of spring. That spring is slow in coming to Manhattan this year makes the color and drama of the children's books even more effective. In one of our theatres now the immortal Peter Pan is flying through the night nursery of the Darling family after being immobilized for nearly twenty years. Peter and Wendy, Tinker Bell, and the Lost Boys are again winning a decisive victory over the pirates and the sinister crocodile. It is not only the children who get a lift of the spirit over Barrie's fairy tale and the spring books for boys and girls.

In the spring books are a riot of color and a great variety of design. Two of the most distinguished, "The Egg Tree" and "Who Dreams of Cheese?," have already been reviewed in this department. Others are reviewed in this section. There are, too, some very good stories for summer reading. Anne Malloy's "Uncle Andy's Island," Madye Lee Chastain's "Loblolly Farm," and, for older girls, Ella Porter's "The Wind's in the West." For a peculiarly American celebration of the coming of spring there is Marion Renick's "The Shining Shooter" and Charles Cleveland's "The Great Baseball Managers." These, with readable new biographies and Dick Grace's thrilling account of his adventures as an aviator, offer wide choice and an excellent fare for the summer months.



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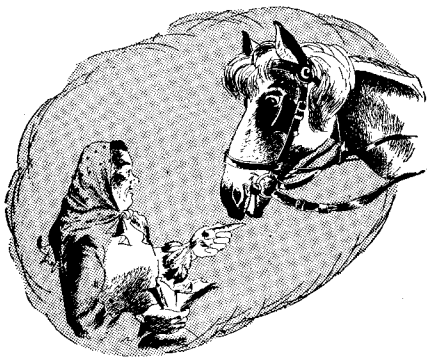


—*From "Charley the Horse."*

Picture Books

CHARLEY THE HORSE. By Tony Palazzo. New York: The Viking Press. 56 *pp.* $2.50.

TONY Palazzo, whose "Susie the Cat" and "Timothy Turtle" are so much admired not only by the children but by their fathers and mothers, tells here the story of a horse that draws a milk wagon but yearns secretly to be a race horse. Charley's idea of a race horse is that he sits around all day eating clover. When he gets to the race track, however, and wins the Tennessee Derby, Charley finds that the life of a race horse is much harder and less satisfying than that of a horse owned by Jack the Milkman. He gladly returns to delivering the milk, accepting carrots from Mrs. O'Grady and sugar from his friend the policeman. Large, amazingly expressive drawings of Charley in three colors, including a fascinating one of the race track, illustrate this captivating story.

No one, young or old, who has any feeling for horses will be able to resist this book.

DOZENS OF COUSINS. Story by Mabel Watts. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Whittlesey House. 47 *pp.* $2.

The Bingle family of Boston had a great-grandmother who had lost one of her china cats. So Mr. Bingle and Mrs. Bingle and Benjy Bingle decided to travel about visiting all the Bingle cousins to see if by any chance they knew where the china cat could be. They visited cousins in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, and Switzerland. They ate the food of each country and wore the country's clothes. They met lots of very nice people and had a very good time—but they did not solve the mystery of the china cat. When they got back to the Bingle home in Boston they found that great-grandmother had found her china cat up in the attic! The travels of the Bingle family give Roger Duvoisin a good opportunity to make some fascinating drawings of the countries that they visited. It is amusing to see the Bingles dressed up in the various national costumes. This is a gay, lively story with many pictures in color.

A WALK IN THE CITY. By Rosemary and Richard Dawson. New York: The Viking Press. 31 *pp.* $2.

These drawings in color of the streets and the people, the dogs and cats and organ-grinder monkeys, the green buses and the shops of lower Manhattan Island illustrate a group of very stimulating verses about the things that a little boy sees when he goes out to walk with his mother. They tell him exactly what a little boy would notice—things that might well seem unimportant to a grownup. That the author of these verses is the daughter of William Rose Benét makes it easier to understand why they are so satisfying. The drawings are satisfying, too. They have humor and a realism that will make New York boys and girls feel very much at home, and will perhaps stir a longing to see New York in boys and girls who have never been there. They are very effectively printed in color, with greens and reds predominating.

PICTURES OF FRANCE BY HER CHILDREN. With text by Marion B. Cothern. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.50.

These paintings were made by the children of France over a period of twelve years. They were selected by J. M. Paillard, and the text, given in both French and English, is directed to the children of America. Some of the pictures show the liberation of France by American soldiers. Most of them show the impact of the war on young minds that see and remember. Others are very gay and childlike. One of them is of a circus, another of a country fair, and still another shows a procession of boys and girls going through the streets of a little French town to their first communion. There are fascinating details in these paintings and the color reproduction is excellent. It is an inspiring little book.

THE LITTLE SKIPPER. Story and lithographs by Raymond Creekmore. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $2.

The story is told by the little skipper himself as he sails with his father and mother in their own sailboat from Long Island Sound to Nantucket and Cape Cod and back. The black and white lithographs that distinguished Raymond Creekmore's earlier books are particularly beautiful in this one. The end-paper drawings, black on a deep blue, show just where the sailboat went. Children who are lucky enough to have this book will agree with the little skipper when he says, "Sailing is the most fun in all the world."

PAWNEE. By Thelma Harrington Bell. With drawings by Corydon Bell. New York: The Viking Press. 63 *pp.* $2.

This unusual picture book brings to life and adventure a little Indian doll. Pawnee wears a buckskin suit and leather moccasins and carries a bow and arrow. Bobby knows that he is alive and real, but grownups refuse to believe him. When Pawnee runs away in search of adventure, he meets an enormous cat who chases him. He gets into the circus tent and finds himself riding between the ears of a riderless horse to victory in a race. He is received and honored by the circus Indians, who claim him as one of themselves. But Pawnee promises to come back and see Bobby every year. There are great vitality and humor in these drawings of a little Indian doll. He is an ingratiating character. His book is beautifully printed in black and white.

WHO DREAMS OF CHEESE? By Leonard Weisgard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Unpaged. $2.

(*Reviewed March* 11)

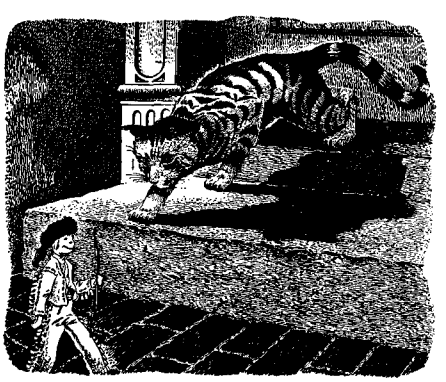
ONE LITTLE INDIAN. By Grace and Carl Moon. Chicago: Albert Whitman. No paging. $2.

(*Reviewed March* 11)

THE EGG TREE. Story and pictures by Katherine Milhouse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

(*Reviewed April* 8)

THE FIRST BOOK OF CATS. By Gladys Taber. Pictures by Bob



—*From "Pawnee."*

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Morrow Junior Books

SPRING 1950

Bay of the North

The Story of Pierre Radisson

by **RONALD SYME**

The life and exciting adventures of the Indian fighter whose discovery of the southern shore of Hudson Bay resulted in the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. "A fine book. Ralph Ray's pictures are outstanding."—Louise S. Bechtel, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50 Ages: 10-14

Indigo Hill

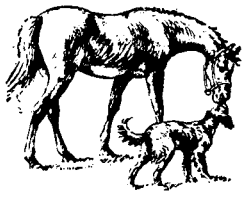
by **ELEANOR FRANCES LATTIMORE**

The everyday doings of Lydia and her two little brothers out in the country in South Carolina are charmingly told and illustrated by the author. "Affectionately drawn portraits of children who are universal in their thoughts and feelings."—Ellen Lewis Buell, *N. Y. Times.* By the author of *Deborah's White Winter,* etc. $2.00 Ages: 6-10

Gray Lance

by **GERALD RAFTERY**

The enthralling story of a boy who trains a young wolf to become his loyal companion—brave, intelligent and a magnificent fighter in time of trouble. A remarkable writer with a fine gift for suspense. "There are zest and freshness in this convincing story."—Mary Gould Davis, *Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00 Ages: 12 up



Red Joker

by **MARGARET S. JOHNSON**

The author of *Snowshoe Paws,* etc. tells the story of Joker, the poorest Irish setter puppy of the litter, who proved a great help in training a fine colt and later in recovering the stolen horse. Illustrated by the author. $2.00 Ages: 8-12

Danny and the Dog Doctor

by **JERROLD BEIM**

Danny watched Dr. Woolf, the veterinarian, cure all kinds of sick animals and so later was able to save the life of a young robin. Illustrated by Edgar Levy. "Will appeal to children who like adventure. Many attractive illustrations."—Mary Gould Davis, *Saturday Review of Literature.* By the author of *The Smallest Boy in the Class,* etc. $2.00 Ages: 4-8

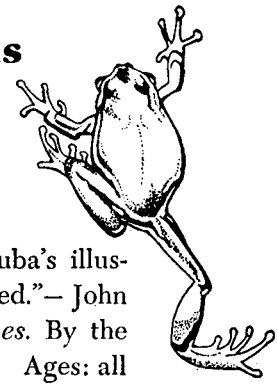
The Catcher from Double-A

by **DUANE DECKER**

Pete Gibbs could play top-notch ball . . . until the pressure was on—and then he failed because he didn't believe in himself. Here are thrilling descriptions of tense innings . . . and a masterly portrayal of a man's victory over himself. By the author of *Hit and Run,* etc. $2.50 Ages: 12 up

Frogs and Toads

by **HERBERT S. ZIM**



"A clear description of the origins, life cycles and habits of various species of these enigmatic amphibians. Joy Buba's illustrations are beautifully executed."—John Wakefield McGill, *N. Y. Times.* By the author of *Snakes,* etc. $2.00 Ages: all

WILLIAM MORROW AND COMPANY, INC., 425 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

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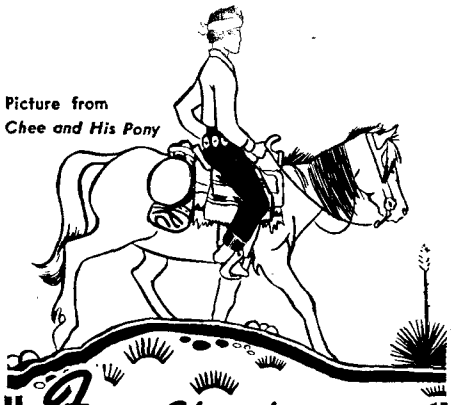

Picture from *Chee and His Pony*

Four Stars from our Spring Juvenile List

★ **CHEE AND HIS PONY**

by Florence Hayes, Illus. by William Moyers. Ages 9-12. $2.50.

Chee is another of Florence Hayes' "real boys." This tale of a summer on his native Navajo Indian Reservation is full of humor and exciting boy doings — a fascinating glimpse of the Navajo character.

★ **THE FIREHOUSE MYSTERY**

by Mary Adrian, Illus. by Anne Vaughan. Ages 7-10. $2.00.

Here is a rare combination — a real, exciting mystery about New York City fire fighting that is truly easy for youngsters to read.

★ **THIS IS AN ORCHESTRA**

by Elsa Z. Posell. Ages 8-14. $2.50.

Give this book to anyone who likes music and you will give him hours of joy. It is a complete guide, with photographs, to the orchestral instruments, " . . . a splendid book, heartily recommended," says the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

★ **MR. O'RILEY AND BROWNIE**

by Esther MacLellan and Catherine Schroll, Illus. by Margaret Bradfield. Ages 4-8. $1.75.

The comical story of Mr. O'Riley's Irish setter, Brownie, who leads his master into uproarious adventure at the Museum of Natural History. The N. Y. Times calls it "hilarious."

READY NOW! The second edition of the JUNIOR REVIEWERS Catalog of the Best Books for Children, the most useful guide to all the good juveniles in print. 50c.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ·

Kuhn. New York: Franklin Watts. No paging. $1.50.
(*Reviewed April 8*)

FROGS AND TOADS. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by Joy Buba. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.
(*Reviewed April 8*)

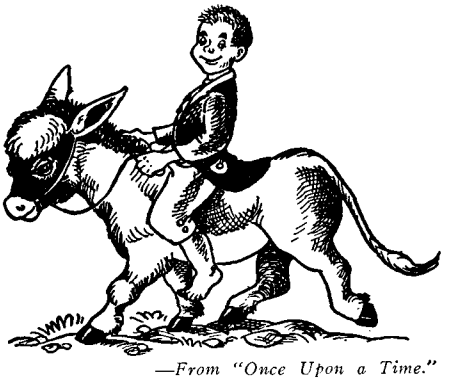
Stories

ONCE UPON A TIME: Twenty Cheerful Tales to Read and Tell. Selected, edited, and sometimes retold by Rose Dobbs. Illustrated by Flavia Gàg. New York: Random House. 117 pp. $2.

FOR a book that is unusually attractive in format and illustration Rose Dobbs has selected twenty stories, all of them good and all practically perfect to tell. They are from varied sources and some of them are familiar to American boys and girls. But every story has the humor, the action, and the logic that children demand when they gather to listen to a storyteller. Those that Miss Dobbs retells herself have the cryptic, effective wording that made her "No Room" a fine choice for storytellers with a sense of humor. Flavia Gàg has made for this invaluable book a series of delightful drawings. It has a gay jacket that shows an amusing young leopard from the story called "The Number of Spots."

LOBLOLLY FARM. Written and illustrated by Madye Lee Chastain. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 227 pp. $2.25.

IT IS NOT easy to analyze the values of this story of little Melinda Hamilton, who went from the city to spend a summer on her grandfather's farm in Texas. The time is the early years of the twentieth century, but time has very little to do with the story. These people might have lived, these things might have happened in almost any period in our history. The point is that they are real, so natural and so likable that we become deeply concerned in the small daily happenings of their world. Grandpa and Grandma, Cassie, who is just Melinda's age, small Lucy, the hired man and his short-tempered wife, the poverty-stricken Firch family, who lives down the road, the prosperous Whittles and their maiden aunt, the snobbish Miss Graybird—it is as exciting to the reader as it is to Melinda to meet these people and to learn their ups and downs. The good food that Grandma cooks, most of it produced on the farm, makes our



—*From "Once Upon a Time."*

mouths water. With Melinda we feel the intense heat of the Texan summer, the coming of the great winds, the scents and sounds of a well-kept farm yard. Grandma and Grandpa are leaders in a typical American community. The scene when the neighbors "raise" a house for the Firch family after theirs is blown down by a "twister" has probably been enacted dozens of times in our history. Miss Chastain makes it humorous, human, and deeply moving. Perhaps it is the quality of the writing that gives this quiet story its distinction. It is outstanding, too, for the unusual drawings that form the chapter headings and endpapers, drawings as distinctive as those that Miss Chastain made for the African folk-tales "The Cow-Tail Switch" several years ago.

UNCLE ANDY'S ISLAND. By Anne Malloy. Illustrated by Joshua Tolford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 242 pp. $2.50.

IN THIS story of the Maine coast Mrs. Malloy has another fine book to her credit. Here is more evidence of her keen understanding of people of all sorts and kinds.

Uncle Andy, who gives his name to her tale, was not only the town's only war hero, but he seemed to have an amazing faculty for understanding boys, all boys: quiet, reliable boys like Lloyd, sensitive, undernourished, hard-working boys like his friend, Murder. But especially he seemed to understand boys like Lloyd's brother, Mark, boys whom the Kettle Covers called "pirates." That Uncle Andy, who came back to Kettle Cove with the idea of putting into working order the herring wiers on his island, could once have been a "pirate" was an astonishing idea, but it was on that wonderful evening on the island when Uncle Andy told Mark that he had decided to stay on in Kettle Cove and make it his home that he said, "It strikes me, when you come right down to it, that pirates and, well, what people call heroes are the same kind of people underneath. They both seem to have something inside them that

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makes them act quick and make up their minds without any trouble. They don't have to sit back and think about a thing before they do it."

"Uncle Andy's Island" is a rare story, full of excitement and atmosphere and people with characters so convincing they cannot be dismissed when the book is finished.

ROD RIDES HIGH. By Donald Barr Chidsey. New York: Doubleday & Co. 244 pp. $2.25.

THIS is Donald Chidsey's first story for boys and it is a very good one. As long as he could remember Rod Fairchild had been fascinated by airplanes. He was too young to remember much about the war but he knew the sound and the scheduled flights of every commercial plane that flew over his house. He spent all of his spare time at the little commercial field on the edge of the town. Something kept Rod from telling the family about it—a decision that he was to regret later on. Then the owner of the field let him help there and the mechanic showed him all over a small plane and let him study the instrument board. One day the owner, Mr. Sloan, took Rod up, and from then on Rod "knew what he wanted." He had learned a good deal of the mechanics of flying when the famous test pilot Colonel Harris came to the little field and decided to spend part of his leave flying the *Shane*, the first plane that he had ever flown in the days before the war. Rod's experience in the *Shane* flying with the famous aviator makes an exciting and a very informing story. The boys and girls who read this book will envy him and will learn much from his record. No one can blame Rod for keeping it a secret from his family and no one will wonder when the family approved his great adventure.

THE NEW BOY. By Mary Urmston. Illustrated by Brinton Turkle. New York: Doubleday & Co. 208 pp. $2.25.

Jack Corwin and his family came from California to live in a small town in Connecticut. This is the story of his first weeks in a strange school, of his various battles with boys who tried to "boss" him, of his final success in winning a place for himself. Jack was in the fifth grade in school. His story is for the younger boys and girls.

FOUR FARTHINGS AND A THIMBLE. By Margaret J. Baker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 150 pp. $2.50.

THERE are three children in the Tailor family, but the most important is the youngest one, Benbow. Ben-

One of LEONARD WEISGARD'S most beautiful picture books—a lovely experience for children both in words and in color!

Ages 4-7 $2.00

WHO DREAMS OF CHEESE?

by LEONARD WEISGARD

PIRATE BRIG

by MILDRED WIRT

An exciting story for older boys and girls about Blackbeard the pirate and his cabin boy, Ben. *Just published* $2.50

This latest addition to *The Renick Sports Library* tells an entertaining story about a boy, Tib, and his marbles—and provides as well, many suggestions for effective playing techniques.

Ages 9-11 $2.25

THE SHINING SHOOTER

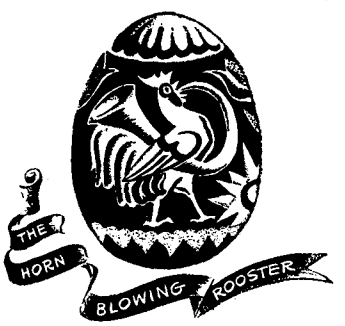
A story about marbles

by MARION RENICK

THE EGG TREE

by KATHERINE MILHOUS

The Pennsylvania way of making Easter egg trees is the basis for this charming story. "The simple tale is gently and plainly written but the many colored pictures and designs around the pages enrich it till it has the fragrance of a garden in spring, the scent of a farm kitchen with its big bunny cookies, the surprise of gaily decorated eggs." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune* Ages 5-8 $2.00



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by Genevieve Foster $2.00

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by Maria Gleit $2.50

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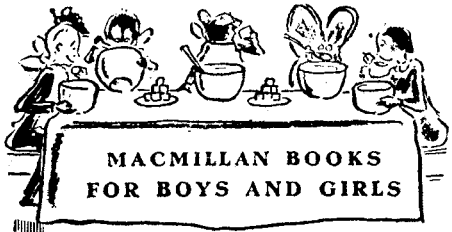

MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Mr. Mushroom

by Louis Slobodkin

A little picture book for children with brief story full of amusing imagination for which this artist is famous. *Ages 4-8* $1.25

The Wind's in the West

by Ella Williams Porter

Ann Jeffries, 16, wins friends and straightens out ranch finances during a summer in Arizona. *Ages 14-16* $2.50

Treasure for Three

by David Severn

The three Warner children of THE CRUISE OF THE MAIDEN CASTLE have adventures making pocket money. *Ages 9-13* $1.75

Little Skipper

by Raymond Creekmore

Lee, 8, spent the summer cruising with his father and mother on their sloop "Courageous." *Ages 6-10* $2.00

The Captain's Daughter

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

A romantic tale of a young girl's trip to the Orient in a clipper ship. *Ages 14-16* $2.50

Sea and Shore

by C. J. Hylander

An accurate book of the life found on the fringes of sea and land. *Ages 10-18* $3.00

At your bookstore

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

bow is the kind of boy who makes things happen. When he decides that he wants a dog, in spite of the fact that the landlord of their London flat refuses to allow animals in his house, the Tailor family acquires not one but three dogs—and a cat, called Thimble. When Benbow decides that they had better live in the country a queer, run-down but lovely old farmhouse in Sussex materializes and they all go to live in it. When he decides that he wants his friends James and Rose Sparrow to leave the London slums and live in the country, too, Lord Fitzwarren kindly allows them to take over one of his charming little cottages. Benbow is, without question, a "character."

The background of his story is post-war England. It has a good deal of atmosphere and something happens on every page. Both boys and girls should get a good deal of pleasure out of Benbow and the Tailor family.

RIDE 'EM, PEGGY. By Eliza Bailk. Illustrated by Paul Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 196 *pp.* $2.25.

The author of "Taffy's Foal" presents another story that is just as good or even better. Peggy Ames loved horses and longed to have one of her own. Her very attractive mother and her irrepressible young brother sympathized with her but felt at times a bit annoyed with her. Then Peggy's Aunt Nora invited them all to spend a month with her on a ranch in Colorado. There, in what to Peggy was paradise, she learned a great deal about horses. This is a very satisfying story for younger boys and girls. It has drawings by Paul Brown.

THE SHINING SHOOTER. By Marion Renick. Illustrated by Dwight Logan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 218 *pp.* $2.25.

WHEN the boys laughed at Tip because he could not play marbles he made a mighty resolution to show them a thing or two. Starting from scratch with a single marble picked up in the gutter, he fought his way up step by step to become the city school champion.

Such is the simple plot of an exceptionally well-written and informative book. Anyone who is or ever was interested in the grand old game of marbles should read it. It is packed with facts relative to the history and manufacture of marbles and contains instructions and rules for playing various marble games. The characterization is nicely done, especially that dealing with Tip's mother, the Major, and El-Mar, the magician. The story is not beyond the grasp of quite young readers, yet it is not written down in a way to draw the scorn of older ones. Before the marble season opens again this book should be available to every youngster who likes to "knuckle down" and shoot straight.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

WINDFALL FIDDLE. By Carl Carmer. Illustrated by Arthur Conrad. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of how Bob Carson of upstate New York earned the money to buy a violin. The time is perhaps the early years of the twentieth century. But this is more than just a story. It is an extraordinarily clear and humorously-worded picture of a place and a time in the history of America. Bob's father was superintendent of schools in a small town. His friend, Mr. Pierre Minette, was a florist who had fought in the Civil War and loved to tell tales about his adventures. His Uncle David was a musician who wanted to marry the equally musical Miss Adelaide. Mr. Hayslip was an artist who hired Bob to pull him in a cart along the route of the circus parade so that he could make sketches of the lion. Mr. Linham was the owner of the cider mill who paid Bob for the apples, the "groundfalls" from his father's trees. Maria Dinella was the girl whose father owned the truck farm, who painted the picture of the truck garden that won the first prize in the local art exhibit. Dr. Norton was the man who made Bob stay in bed when he had bronchitis. All these people and all the things that happened to Bob while he was earning his twenty dollars are intensely real. From the first page to the last the record sparkles with humor and vitality. In format Bob's book is most satisfying. The type is clear and attractive. The drawings strengthen the impact of the place and the people. Not only boys will want this for their summer reading. It will be read with equal pleasure by "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts."

ARCTIC VENTURE. By Kenneth Gilbert. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 147 *pp.* $2.50.

FOR plausible reasons the schooner *Aleut* left Seattle in the fall instead of the spring on a trading voyage to North Alaskan waters. Chuck Morgan, the fifteen-year-old hero, went along with his father, one of the ship's owners, and a crew that was more than half villainous. At the first Eskimo village he met a native boy of his own age with whom he had some bang-up

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adventures hunting bear and walrus. Later they made an overland journey to rejoin the ship, which soon, thanks to the rascally captain and his pals, became frozen in the ice for the winter. The elder Morgan left for home to save his business and this was the signal for piracy among part of the crew, who stole the cargo of goods and furs and went ashore, leaving the others marooned in a tight spot.

Such is the excellent plot of what might have been an outstanding adventure yarn if the author had realized all its possibilities. If it had been worked out to a greater length, with careful attention to characterization and a sympathetic "feel" of the North, it would have appealed to a far wider public. As it is, it is an average story for young people.

—M. P. A.

TOURNAMENT TRAIL. By Tom Koch. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 185 *pp.* $2.

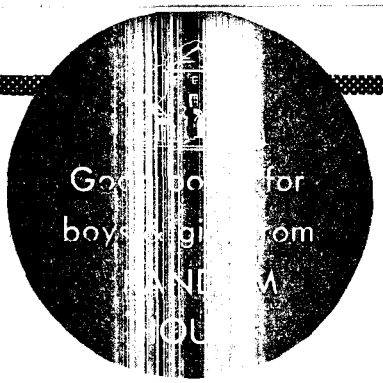
FOR reasons any schoolboy will understand Dave Walters transferred from Kendall City High School, where his father was basketball coach, to the small Dannburg school. A great player himself, he put such life into that theretofore second-rate team that it fought its way up to the finals of the Indiana State championship. Ironically enough, their opponent in the big game was his father's team—so to Dave it was more than the playoff for the title.

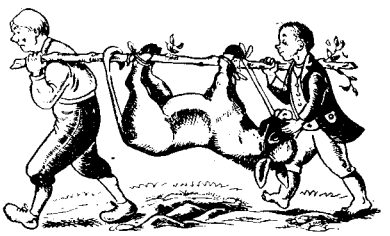
Any boy who has played or is interested in basketball will lose himself in this book. It is well written although the conversation seems a bit stilted and, while it covers several games in exciting detail, it is not too technical to be hard to follow. Dave's struggle between loyalty to his team and to his father supplies a nice piece of character development. This reviewer calls it a very good high-school sports story. The author, who covers sports for CBS, knows his stuff.

—M. P. A.

BILL AND HIS NEIGHBORS. By Lois Fisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 55 *pp.* $1.75.

TO CLARIFY the growth of prejudice Lois Fisher has created Bill, of Blossemville High School. Upset by his failure to win an art contest, Bill suddenly realizes that both the figures in the prize-winning drawing and the judges of the contest wore mustaches and that the winner of the contest himself came from a family of mustache wearers. Bill began to hate people who wore mustaches. As a result of his remarks and attitude the whole school became aware of this





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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HARPER & BROTHERS, N.Y. 16

difference in background among the pupils. Even the basketball team felt the strain, for there could be no teamwork between those who came from mustache-wearing families and those who did not. How the student government came to recognize the problem as prejudice and their search to detect its cause and possible cure are told in a simple story and an appealing cartoon.

The satire of this book may not be as readily detected and appreciated by the young as by the adult reader. To some the plot may seem unreal and insignificant. Those who read the book thoughtfully cannot avoid the realization that all prejudice is based upon the same immaturity, the same lack of understanding and consideration for others that Bill and his friends exhibited. Psychologically sound, this story seeks to give real insight into the origin and growth of prejudice.
—MARIAN R. BROWN.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 198 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS love story of a New England girl is set in the days of the clipper ships. Janet Pierce falls in love with a young man of whom her sea-captain father strongly disapproves. To break up the affair Captain Pierce takes the heartbroken Janet and her aunt on a year-long voyage to China and Korea. There is an unusual scene in a Buddhist monastery in the mountains of Korea, where Janet learns much from the old abbot. She returns to Maine to find that Alan has become engaged to the richest girl in town—not so much faithless as weak. Janet, wiser than when she went away, turns to an old and faithful beau who is more worthy of her. The atmosphere and background of this story are fascinating but the characters are types rather than people. Janet never quite seems to "come through" as the heroine. She is annoying rather than sympathetic. It is an attractive-looking book with end-papers and a title page by Ralph Ray.

THE WIND'S IN THE WEST. By Ella Williams Porter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 163 *pp.* $2.50.

ANN JEFFERS, the heroine of this exceptional story, is sixteen. She has no mother and her father is an engineer who spends most of his time in South America. Ann has never known a real home until she goes to spend the summer on a ranch in Arizona. The Long family, who own the ranch, are going through hard times. They are heavily in debt and Kay, the oldest girl, who is about Ann's age, is worried and unhappy. Ann makes friends quickly with the two boys, Kim and Jinx, and her instinctive love of horses and the out-of-doors helps her to fit quickly into ranch life. It is Ann who suggests to Kim that they fit out the old bunk house and take in "paying guests." Kay is eager to be a designer and is helped and encouraged by Ann's art teacher, who spends part of her vacation on the ranch. These people are all well worth knowing: Ann, the five Longs, the old rancher, Curley, the young people at the dude ranch not far away. In the background are the fascinating sights and smells and sounds of Arizona. Young people reading this will envy Ann her second home in the West.

THE BLACK HORSE COMPANY. By Iris Vinton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

READERS who were thrilled by Miss Vinton's "Flying Ebony" will find here the same chief characters—Jonathan Feather and his black horse, Ebony. Jonathan and his friends discover a well-preserved schooner buried in the sands of Shinnecock Bay. They organize the Black Horse Company to repair and float the vessel. With some adult advice and assistance the boys succeed in getting their schooner into the bay and in making her seaworthy. As the story ends they all—boys, horses, and schooner—take part in an unusual rescue of the local fishing fleet.

Set in Long Island a century ago, this story combines adventure and history. The plot is skilfully developed to provide suspense and drama; the characterization of minor as well as major figures is vigorous and full-bodied. Important as these things are, they alone do not define the appeal of the story. The author has dug deeply into the past. Her book has the ring of authenticity and a wealth of description and explanation that give it value even more than its action. As with any really fine book for young people, it will interest adults also. "The Black Horse Company" is one of the finest stories of the year, perhaps of many years.
—RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

FARM BOY. Written and illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. New York: The Viking Press. 186 *pp.* $2.50.

YOUNG John Warner came to his great-uncle's farm in Northern New York in a mood of rebellion. Self-centered and a bit spoiled, he had failed to make good in one private school after another. Now he was to work as a farm hand under his uncle's manager on a farm that was famous

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for its fine record all over the state. Here through the cold Northern spring, through the plowing and the planting and the harvest Johnny learned what work really means. He was lucky to find in Uncle Gene a wise, understanding man, and in Nora, the Negro cook, a good friend as well as a superlative source of good meals. Johnny's story is told in slow-moving, dignified prose that is in contrast to the idiomatic style of many of the "career" stories for young people. This balanced, almost rhythmic, style makes the background of the great, prosperous farm with its hard-working men and well-kept animals particularly effective. The chapter called "The Strange Arrival of Spring" is almost Old Testament in its atmosphere. Unusual drawings and a particularly interesting type give the book distinction.

MAPLE SUGAR FOR WINDYFOOT. By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. New York: Whittlesey House. 184 *pp.* $2.
(Reviewed March 11)

THE WONDERFUL BAKER. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 48 *pp.* $1.50.
(Reviewed March 11)

DEBBIE OF THE GREEN GATE. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Edward Godwin. New York: Har Court, Brace & Co. 232 *pp.* $2.50.
(Reviewed March 11)

THE MUDHEN AND THE WALRUS. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorated by Stephen J. Voorhies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 216 *pp.* $2.50.
(Reviewed March 11)

INDIGO HILL. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 128 *pp.* $2.
(Reviewed April 8)

HOMER THE TORTOISE. By Margaret J. Baker. Illustrations by Leo Bates. New York: Whittlesey House. 149 *pp.* $2.
(Reviewed April 8)

GOOD LUCK DUCK. By Meindert De Jong. Illustrated by Marc Simont. New York: Harper & Bros. 57 *pp.* $2.
(Reviewed April 8)

SOUTH POLE HUSKY. By Charles S. Strong. Decorations by Joseph A. Farren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 295 *pp.* $2.75.
(Reviewed April 8)

A PONY FOR THE BOYS. By Sanford Tousey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 45 *pp.* $1.75.
(Reviewed April 8)

DANNY AND THE DOG DOCTOR. By Jerrold Beim. Illustrated by Edgar Levy. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.
(Reviewed April 8)

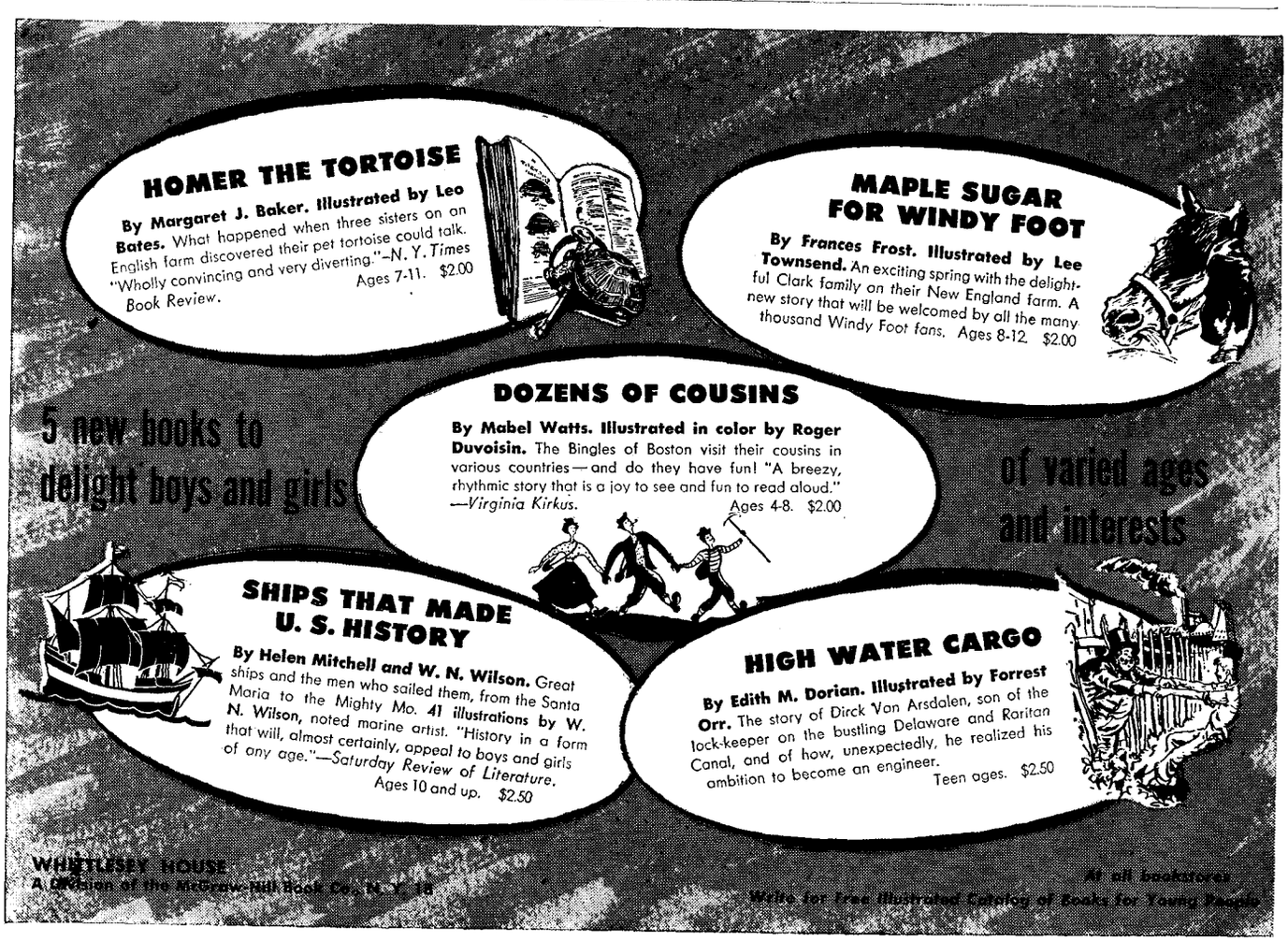
GRAY LANCE. By Gerald Raftery. New York: William Morrow & Co. 223 *pp.* $2.
(Reviewed April 8)

HANS: A Dog of the Border Patrol. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 253 *pp.* $2.50.
(Reviewed April 8)

ABOUT CHARLIE. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 46 *pp.* $1.50.
(Reviewed April 8)

THE DOG NEXT DOOR. By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 222 *pp.* $2.50.
(Reviewed April 8)

DOG SHOW. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. With portraits of real dogs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by Marie C. Nichols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 182 pp. $2.75.
(Reviewed April 8)

A HORSE OF HER OWN. By Ruby Ferguson. Illustrated by Caney. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 192 pp. $2.50.
(Reviewed April 8)

A Number of Things

VISIBILITY UNLIMITED. By Dick Grace. Decorations by Avery Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 276 pp. $2.75.

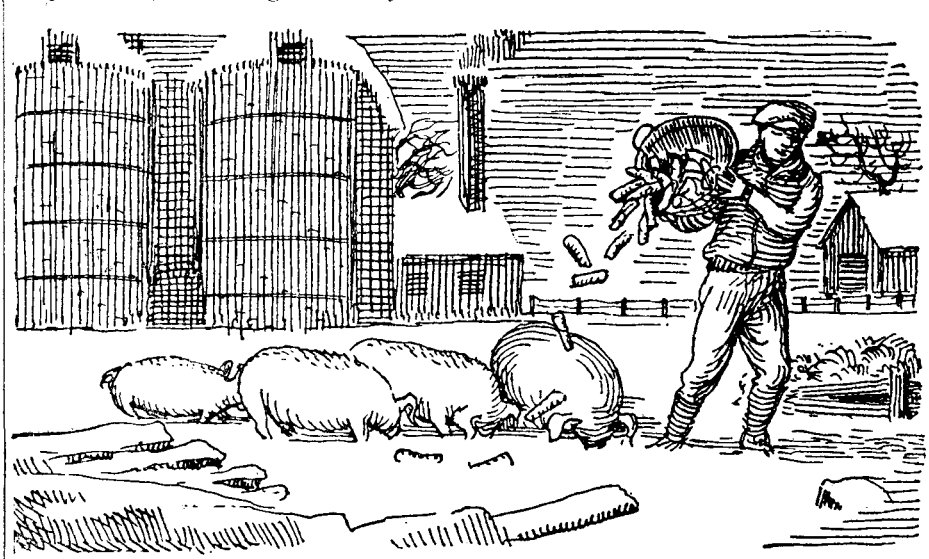
THIS is the almost incredible but literally true story of an American aviator who flew in the First and Second World Wars and had hair-raising adventures in commercial flying in the years between. It is told in the first person and in the airmen's idiom, using sometimes technical terms and sometimes the abbreviations that pilots use. Every word of it tingles with vitality, with faith in human brains and daring and human endurance. As a record it is notably modest and yet it reveals a man who has unusual courage, tolerance, determination, the kind of obstinacy that never admits defeat, and a deep love for his country. His thoughts on the Statue of Liberty as he comes slowly up the harbor after the Second World War are as fine an expression of patriotism as can be found anywhere.

Boys will read the story of his adventures as a pilot for the movies with quickened pulse and yet Dick Grace never courted danger. His attitude was always cool and scientific. When he crashed for the camera he was always conscious that he made an *experiment*, watching carefully for any fact that might emerge from it. He was forty-seven years old when the Second World War ended and he came home to "Rabbitface," to whom his book is dedicated. It was time to put away his wings. But—in the last paragraph of his book—sitting in a jet plane with one of the young pilots, "He pushed a button or two. The toothpick spun. We whirled around on a dime, straightened out, made a short run, and we were airborne."

Dick Grace's story is remarkable for its honesty, for its unconscious faith in its own skill and ingenuity, for its quiet pride in the output of the greatest industrial nation on earth. Boys will find in it excitement, stimulation, and satisfaction. Their elders will find a renewal of faith in our country and its people.

YOURS TILL NIAGARA FALLS. Compiled by Lillian Morrison. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 182 pp. $1.75.

Here is a very attractive-looking little book, bound in bright yellow cloth, illustrated with amusing little black and white drawings. In it we find old and modern "sentiments" that might be written in an autograph album. It is still the custom in America to present an autograph album to school graduates. We can imagine how well this book will solve the often agonizing problem of what shall be written in them! There is great variety here. The sentiments run all the way from nineteenth-century Valentines—as funny today as an old-fashioned melodrama—to the most modern of wisecracks. Some are prose, some rhyme. The collection is, in its way, quite a social history of the last hundred years or so. We expect to see this yellow book a good many times before the June graduates begin their summer vacation.



—From "Farm Boy."

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CAREERS IN CARTOONING. By Lawrence Lariar. Illustrated with over 100 cartoons. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

For some mysterious reason this book was not reviewed in this department last year. It is a treasure too good to be missed. Lawrence Lariar is the cartoon editor of *Liberty* magazine and the director of a school of cartooning. He makes evident in this book the important part cartoons play in the American scene, their popular appeal, their influence upon American thought. In his foreword the editor of *Liberty*, David Brown, says: "The cartoonist is in a sense one of the guardians of our democracy. To censor the cartoon is to stifle it at once. Only a free country can afford to laugh at itself." Mr. Lariar's book is not only an invaluable and most practical guide to young and would-be artists; it is also a revealing picture of the American sense of humor and fair play.

LET'S LOOK UNDER THE CITY. By Herman and Nina Schneider. Illustrated by the Halls. New York: William R. Scott. No paging. $1.50.

One of a series of Young Science Books by these same authors, this tells inquiring young New Yorkers about the gas, electricity, telephones, and waste pipes that lie under the surface of their city. The text is simple and informal and the black and white drawings are on every page. It is an informing book and it answers a good many questions that many adults would fail to answer.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK OF JET PROPULSION. By Frank Ross, Jr. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 167 *pp.* $2.75.

This is an enlarged and revised edition of an earlier book, brought scientifically up to date and illustrated with diagrams and photographs. It is technical but hardly any treatment is too technical now for older boys who long to share the discoveries of the twentieth century. It will probably be a jet-propelled plane or a rocket ship that lucky young explorers will take for their journey to Mars or the moon. It is practically certain that the commercial planes will be jet-propelled before very long. This is a timely revision.

MAKE IT YOURSELF. By Bernice Wells Carlson. Illustrated by Aline Hansens. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 160 *pp.* $2.

This book of handicraft for younger boys and girls is arranged under the materials used for the various articles

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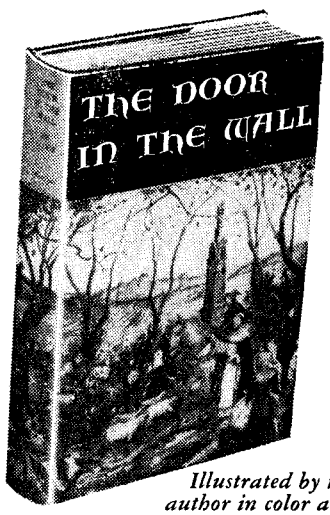

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that are suggested. The materials include all kinds of paper and cardboard, plaster of Paris, and nature materials like nuts, vegetables, etc. The drawings that illustrate it have a good deal of humor and the book gives its readers a feeling that it is fun to make these things.

HERE'S YOUR HOBBY. Written and illustrated by Harry Zarchy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "Let's Make a Lot of Things" presents in this book twelve hobbies, ranging from photography to sailing and archery. The book is indexed and at the back are book lists for each hobby. The author's enthusiasm is contagious. His spirit is best expressed in the last few lines of the chapter on painting. "Above all enjoy yourself! Paint when you feel like it and strive always for expression, rather than the exact reproduction of an object." This will be an excellent choice for a summer vacation.

MORE EXPERIMENTS IN SCIENCE. By Nelson F. Beeler and Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by A. W. Revell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 176 *pp.* $2.50.

Like their "Experiments in Science" this book presents a series of practical experiments for younger boys and girls. All can be carried out with simple, inexpensive equipment. One of them tells how to make a stethoscope; another explains how—and why—a helicopter flies and a balloon rises. It is indexed and illustrated.

FUN WITH FABRICS. By Joseph Leeming. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

This latest of Joseph Leeming's "Fun" books deals with things that can be made from cloth. There is a chapter on felt, one on designing and making decoration for fabrics that includes block printing, batik, and tie-dyeing. It covers a wide range but, as Mr. Leeming says in the foreword, many people have made a lifetime hobby of just one or two of the fabrics that he describes. The book is illustrated with diagrams and drawings.

SHIPS THAT MADE HISTORY. By Helen Mitchell, and W. N. Wilson. New York: Whittlesey House. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

(Reviewed March 11)

IN WOODS AND FIELDS. Written and illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 96 *pp. Cloth* $3. *Paper* $1.75.

(Reviewed March 11)

Famous Places & People

NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM. The Story of Theodor Herzl. By Nina Brown Baker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 186 *pp.* $2.50.

THEODOR HERZL had to resign from participation in a student's society at the university because he was "of the Mosaic persuasion." His success as a lawyer, a playwright, and a newspaper correspondent filled a brief period after the university days that had been a logical step beyond a childhood in a financially secure and a devoted family. Through the Dreyfus case, as Paris correspondent of a Vienna newspaper, he really appreciated the plight of many European Jews of the later years of the nineteenth century. The famous story of the conviction of the French Army captain just because he was a Jew is simply and fairly told.

From this background the story follows the growth of the Zionist movement as it became literally the life of the man who was its principal founder. Herzl sought refuge for the unwanted, unhappy people with whom he was identified. Argentina, Egypt, and even a remote British province in Africa were considered as well as Palestine, and whatever methods promised success were used. The wide variety of personalities approached, from the neurotic powerful Sultan of Turkey to Father Hechler, a Church of England clergyman, adds color to the story. The division among the Jews themselves is pictured. This tale of great courage and tenacity in a seemingly hopeless struggle has, of course, overtones of the final accomplishment in the State of Israel today. This experienced writer of biography for young people has presented an understanding and a convincing historical picture.

—CORNELIA ERNST ZAGAT.

CRAZY HORSE. By Shannon Garst. Illustrated by William Moyer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 260 *pp.* $2.75.

IN MANY respects Crazy Horse was the most capable of all the Indian chiefs who attempted to halt the continent-hungry white men in the 1870's and the 1880's. He alone seems to have been able to discipline young braves and train them to fight as a unit. His life story is a thrilling tale, one that boys are sure to enjoy. Mrs. Garst has written capably and with genuine understanding of the Indian wars, and with insight into the personality and character of Crazy Horse. It is unfortunate, however, that young readers will accept this book as, in the words

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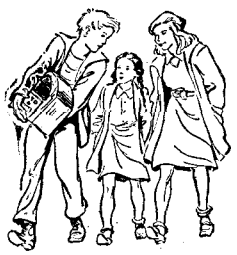

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of the publishers, a "true story." It is not legitimate biography. It is, rather, fictionized biography, as must be the life story of any American Indian that is not written by a contemporary. This would have a wider appeal to young people and a much greater educational value if the author had appended even a brief statement listing the aspects of the life of Crazy Horse that must be imagined in writing his story.

—R. A. B.

RESTLESS JOHNNY. The Story of Johnny Appleseed. By Ruth Langland Holberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

AT EIGHTEEN this Massachusetts carpenter's son took his eleven-year-old half brother and set out on foot on the difficult trip from his home near Springfield to the Western settlements in Ohio. They had watched many families pass in their sturdy Conestoga wagons and had caught the fever "to go West." But Johnny had also seen wives who were homesick for the things they had left behind. He conceived the idea of pushing the forests back and planting small orchards of familiar apple trees that would produce health-giving fruit. The tale of how he collected seeds scattered on the ground near the Pennsylvania cider mills is a part of American folklore. The seeds were carefully carried to new territories and planted on friendly farms and in nurseries cleared and fenced from the forest. It took an eccentric man to devote a lifetime to this work. The portrait of this strong, gentle, Bible-reading woodsman in tattered clothes, who never got lost, who was a friend to the Indians and the wild animals as well as to the pioneers, is told here in convincing terms. The writing is sensitive and gives the sound and feel of the story.

—C. E. Z.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. By Gail Hoffman. Portraits of the Nations Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 118 *pp.* $2.50.

GAIL HOFFMAN has a dramatic story to tell in this latest Portraits of the Nations book. She tells it very well indeed. The contrast between the ancient land of the Bible and the youthful, vital spirit of the builders of the new Israel is kept constantly in mind and the natural beauty of the countryside is vividly described. One chapter tells of the Arabs and their adjustment to a modern way of life. In both text and photographs

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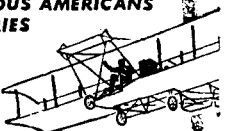

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one is made to realize the amazing growth of the cities and of the farms and vineyards and fruit orchards. Miss Hoffman is hopeful of the future of Israel and has faith in its objectives. She says, "All are patterns of living to suit varying circumstances and all are today functioning successfully without antagonism within Israel's narrow borders. All are based upon freedom for the individual, on the dignity of labor, and on democracy as a working principle." This record of a young country is a challenging and an inspiring story. It is illustrated with a group of excellent photographs.

FAMOUS MEN OF MEDICINE. By Caroline A. Chandler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 140 *pp.* $2.50.

Dr. Chandler begins her book with the oath that all physicians take that was worded by Hippocrates in the fifth century. Then she goes on through the Greek physician Galen to the Arabian doctors, through Harvey, Jenner, and Elizabeth Blackwell to the moderns—Osler and Walter Reed, Freud, Harvey Cushing, Alice Hamilton, and Hans Zinsser. Her last chapter she calls "The New Frontiers." Through all the book one feels her deep enthusiasm, her pride in her profession. Her book is indexed. It should be an important book for the older boys and girls who are interested in medicine as a profession.

FAMOUS AMERICAN POETS. By Laura Benét. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a comprehensive collection of short biographies, selected and written by a distinguished writer who is a sister of two famous American poets. Miss Benét begins with the New England poets, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson. She goes on through Walt Whitman to Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Stephen Vincent and William Rose Benét, Vachel Lindsay, and Paul Dunbar, giving a brief sketch of the life of each and placing them in the literary world of their time. There is a photograph of each poet and the book is indexed.

FAMOUS AMERICAN MARINES. By Charles Lee Lewis. Illustrated by Albin V. Webber. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 375 *pp.* $3.75.

This series of biographies of famous leaders in the United States Marine Corps is arranged chronologically, beginning with Samuel Nicholas in the American Revolutionary War and ending with General Geiger in the Second World War. In its arrangement and with its index and bibliography it constitutes a reference book as well as a book to read for sheer adventure. It gives the Marines' hymn with its music, and there is a sketch, made from photographs, of each leader.

THE GREAT BASEBALL MANAGERS. By Charles B. Cleveland. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 250 *pp.* $3.

This is not only a short biography of the great figures among the managers of famous teams in our national sport. It is, too, an analysis of why one team wins and another loses, an explanation of the strategy in baseball and the basis of "team play." Charles Cleveland got his research for this book in the hard way: by sitting hour after hour on the benches, by talking at odd times and in odd places with the men who make the strategy and define the basis of play. It is a very readable book as well as an informing one. Boys and their fathers as well as their sisters and mothers will find it invaluable.

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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 17)

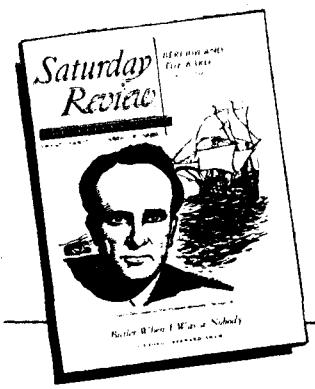
destiny? Or would the East's mercantile control win the contest for power? The answer must await events, of course, but the dominant political parties shaped themselves on such issues. The voice of Whitman, raised to proclaim the march of the Western pioneers and a new order founded upon nature, expressed as symbol the mysticism which he absorbed from the spirit of the times.

What then was this virgin land of the pathfinder? It was a rejection of complex social order, yet a glorious challenge to those who would rescue nature from barbarism: witness the Daniel Boone of fact turned legend. It was man with his rough equalities and forest freedoms communing with God through Nature, yet subordinated in status whenever he came in touch with civilization: witness Cooper's Leatherstocking.

But what of the farmer who would follow the pathfinder into the agricultural paradise? Crèvecoeur, Jefferson, and thousands more saw him as the backbone of a society which America could uniquely exemplify: as one who could assume his natural right to this abundant land in dignity, independence, and plenty. Thus persisted the image of the Western yeoman, which has become remarkably significant in the development of democratic ideas in the United States. The Homestead Act followed naturally, for Easterners saw in it a safety valve against urban slums and unemployment, and Westerners envisioned the hardy yeoman building his fee-simple empire. In the failure of man-made laws to prevent human rapacity and the failure of divine laws to prevent drought, blizzard, and tornados the "myth of the garden" was shattered and the realization of these unpleasant truths marks, in Smith's words, "the real end of the frontier period."

The literary evolution of these conflicting images and symbols about the West and the frontier is analyzed from Cooper to Hamlin Garland. The dilemma and the failure of the agrarian tradition, as it is here discussed, stem from the fact that writers, reflecting the time spirit, accepted the mutually repellent principles that natural and civilized man could coalesce. The theme is as old as Homer. This book poses the issues with informed and informing discernment.

Thomas H. Johnson, a member of the faculty of the Lawrenceville School, served as an editor of "The Literary History of the United States."



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How We Got the Southwest

THE STORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR. By Robert Selph Henry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 424 pp. $4.50.

By Thomas Robson Hay

THIS concise account of a war "unplanned and unsought" clearly states the reasons for the Mexican War. It discards the former long-held theory that it was an expansion movement in the interests of the slavery oligarchy and puts the conflict in its proper place as a fortuitous movement in the westward advance south and west to the Pacific Coast of a young America. Slavery, though, is viewed as a retarding influence to Texas and Southwest settlement.

James K. Polk, formerly looked on as a small politician about whom people asked: "Who is James K. Polk?," has grown in stature with the passing years and in the process has become a statesman of vision and importance. Polk was not elected President to lead a movement of a "predatory foe upon a weaker neighbor," though he "frankly expressed a desire to secure for the Union California and the territory intervening" between it and Texas. His position, however, was conditioned not on the expansion of slavery territory, but on opposition to the extension of European "dominion or sovereignty," as stated in the so-called Polk Doctrine.

He faced an imminent situation. Mexico refused to negotiate and when Texas was annexed severed diplomatic relations with the United States. She felt that American involvement with Great Britain on the question of Oregon would so occupy her as to enable the Mexican reconquest of Texas. Great Britain was "both willing and able to negotiate"; the Mexican Government had created a condition within itself as well as in its attitude to the United States that made it "politically unable to do so." As Mr. Henry says: "Negotiation led, in one case, to a reasonable and satisfactory settlement. Refusal to negotiate, in the other case, resulted in war." And who is there today who would restore the original status?

The account here presented is based almost entirely on acceptance of the conclusions formulated by George L. Rives and Justin H. Smith and their disciples which reversed the long-held view first stated by the Whig opposition in such books as William Jay's "Review of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War," published in 1849.

The mobilization of the little American Army under General Zachary Taylor at Brownsville on the Rio Grande was an act of precaution rather than one of aggression. President Woodrow Wilson repeated the gesture in 1916. In Polk's day unconcealed Mexican hostility and intransigence demanded attention; precautionary mobilization was an act of readiness for any eventuality rather than one of hostility. The results of the initial engagements at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Fort Brown presaged the eventful outcome. The continued boasting of the Mexican political leaders echoed as a hollow sound against the evident inability of the Mexican military forces to defeat the American "gringoes." Eighteen months after Taylor moved into Mexico the capital city of Mexico had been taken by another expedition, landed at Vera Cruz, which had fought its way overland. In due course a treaty of peace was signed, a purchase price was paid, and what is now the Southwestern part of the United States was peacefully relinquished by Mexico. The war was over.

Mr. Henry's account of the military operations is an excellent restatement of the events that transpired against a national and international background of politics and intrigue. The story is clearly told of the operations of Taylor's Army of Occupation, of Kearny's Army of the West, which took Santa Fe and went on to California, of the march of "Doniphan's Thousand," of Fremont's arbitrary acts, of Scott's army, which marched overland to the City of Mexico and did most of the fighting, and of the participation of the Navy. Many of the officers who later became famous in the Civil War are carefully identified. The Mexican War, for them, was a training ground and a baptismal fount.

By present-day standards the troops were poorly equipped and poorly armed and their service of supply left much to be desired. But the men were well led and fought with bravery and confidence. The commanding generals, Scott and Taylor, were both Whigs, though many of their subordinate commanders were Democrats. This led to a certain amount of back-stage manipulation that, though it did not affect the outcome, helped to create unpleasant situations, particularly for Scott.

The Mexican War was probably the first in which photography was employed, an example appearing as the frontispiece. A number of contemporary wood cuts, several maps, and footnotes are included, together with an index.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

At least they do in this quiz by Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., who asks you to name the blonde and either the work in which she appeared or her creator. Allowing five points for each answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 48.

1. She was painlessly strangled by her lover, who wound her yellow hair three times about her throat.
2. The children born of this blonde were sword, fire, ruin, and lawlessness—so her husband said.
3. This golden-haired girl had two sisters, one who was solemn and one who was gay.
4. A holy monk lived atop a high column for a year in order to resist the charms of this blonde courtesan.
5. She thought a diamond bracelet much more permanent than a kiss on the hand.
6. This bleached blonde was shoved down a mountain in the Alps by her third husband only to fall into the arms of a Count, who became her fourth husband.
7. She had sunny locks and was so clever in pleading the case of her husband's friend that she made the men in the courtroom look a little silly.
8. She couldn't sing and she couldn't act, but she was a sensation in a musical called "The Blonde Venus."
9. All this blonde wanted was to have her lover with her in heaven and to live forever as they did on earth.
10. Due to her anxiety over an injured bird, this little blonde visited a deformed lighthouse keeper on the Essex coast and became his only friend.

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Two Friends & the Democratic Ideology

Adrienne Koch — "an amazing feat . . . [but] a tendency to exaggerate."

JEFFERSON AND MADISON. By Adrienne Koch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 294 pp. $4.

By MARIE KIMBALL

IN THIS book Miss Koch has attempted, to use her own words, "a systematic study of the friendship of Jefferson and Madison in working out a comprehensive ideology of democracy." She comes to the "inescapable conclusion" that "the political philosophy known simply as 'Jeffersonian' is actually an amalgam of ideas which owes very much to James Madison." What Miss Koch seems actually to have accomplished is the amazing feat of giving the reader, in 294 brief pages, a survey of the life of Jefferson with James Madison as the real hero. He is pictured as the fount of most of the inspiration and ideas of his famous contemporary. From these pages Jefferson emerges as an amiable gentleman, smart in spots, led by the kindly light of the omniscient Madison.

Miss Koch seems to have overlooked the incontrovertible fact that Jefferson's political philosophy was fully formed by 1769, the year he entered the Virginia Legislature and made his famous purchase of fourteen books on government from T. Cadell of London. It would be stupid to think that he never modified his views in certain details or that he did not benefit by discussion, for he was no bigot. Essentially however, his opinions and beliefs were established at this time and it was he who was thereafter the leader, not the one who was being led.

There is, of course, no question about the intimacy of his friendship with Madison, or with Monroe and Short, for that matter. Each of these three men, so different in character, temperament, and training, were in a sense his alter ego, especially during the 1780's. They were from eight to sixteen years his junior. That he was the leader and mentor, that they occupied, rather, the position of *elèves*, was inevitable. With them he discussed the questions of the day and upon them he relied for the latest news and developments when he was far from the scene of action. That he frequently used the same words and sentences and paragraphs in writing to any two, or even all of them, to say nothing of certain of his other correspondents, has been overlooked. To be sure, the author admits that Jefferson's "correspondence and account books show that American friends such as James Monroe, Edmund Randolph, Francis Hopkinson, Benjamin Franklin, and several others were frequent recipients of his favors. But," she concludes, upon what basis we are at a loss to know, "it was Madison with whom he shared a similarity of interests and an eagerness to master the philosophy and knowledge of Europe." This can just as truly be said of the most constant of his other correspondents.

Miss Koch has a tendency to exaggerate her ideas, to propose hypotheses which cannot be substantiated, and, in certain cases, to discuss matter of which she does not have sufficient knowledge. This may be said, for example, of her discussion of the founding of the University of Virginia. Although admitting that the University of Virginia is "the child of Jefferson's labor," she asserts that "Madison contributed far more to its creation than has been recognized." This vague statement is not bolstered by facts. The author fails to mention that as early as January 1800 Jefferson had consulted Dr. Priestly on the subjects that should be taught in the new college he desired to establish in the "upper country" and that in 1810 he had proposed to the trustees for the lottery of East Tennessee College the plan of an "academical village" exactly as was subsequently to be built at the University of Virginia.

Marie Kimball is the author of a life of Thomas Jefferson in several volumes, the latest of which, "Jefferson: The Scene of Europe," was published recently.

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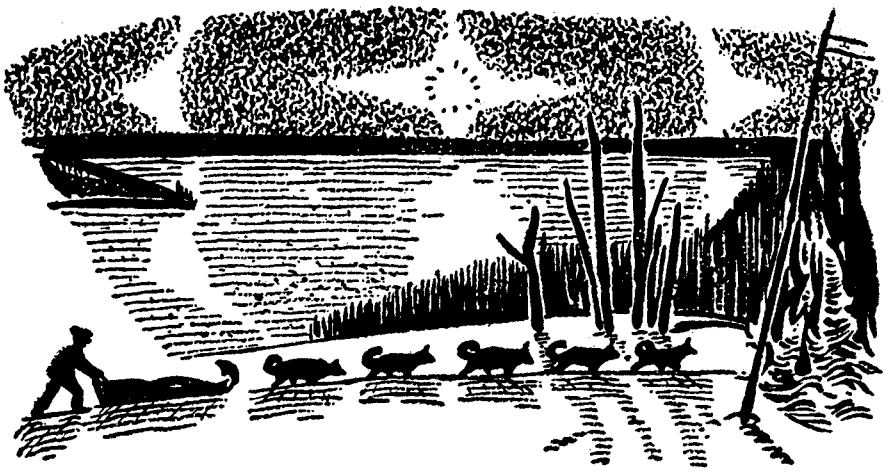

—*From the book.*

Accompanying Thrusts of Exploration

THE SASKATCHEWAN. By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. New York: Rinehart & Co. 400 pp. $4.

By J. Monroe Thorington

IN THIS book, the most recent in the Rivers of America series, the Saskatchewan forms a background for the people who explored and conquered its valley. If one volume can be said to contain the facts of 200 years, the discovery of a third of North America, and the transition from Indian life to the present day, then this is it.

The first highways of a continent have usually been water routes and Marjorie Wilkins Campbell presents the Saskatchewan River as the scene of pageantry accompanying successive thrusts of exploration that led from the Atlantic slope to the Canadian Rocky Mountains. The earliest explorers, searching for the Western Sea, knew only short sections of the stream. Kelsey in 1691 working from Hudson Bay, was the first to reach Nelson River, as the Saskatchewan below Lake Winnipeg is called. But the French, led by Vérendrye, were ahead at Lake Winnipeg, coming from the St. Lawrence basin by Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. At its northwest corner, in a foam-swept canyon, Lake Winnipeg receives the mighty Saskatchewan after its thousand-mile descent from the watershed glaciers which give it birth.

From 1670, when Prince Rupert was granted the charter for the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, it was the quest for beaver that led to the river's discovery, while English and French competition promoted its exploration. The English won out and the French vanished from the scene. Hearne at Cumberland House above The Pas; Pond at Sturgeon River, above Prince Albert; these made it possible for the eventual establishment of Fort Augustus on the site of Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House within sight of the Continental Divide.

For decades, however, trappers and traders of the prairies traversed only the lower reaches of the river, and it was an eventful day in 1789 when Peter Pangman, of the rival North-West Company, blazed a tree on the North Saskatchewan, whence he was the first to see the peaks of the main watershed. In another twenty years men would come to know the river in its entire course, at home on every twist and turn as one might remember the lanes of one's birthplace. David Thompson and Alexander Henry, the younger, were among these, and, after the route across the Continental Divide to the Columbia was established, through Howse Pass in 1807 and Athabaska Pass four years later, it was a matter as routine as a commuter's timetable to calculate a hundred days by canoe from ocean to ocean.

The Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies united in 1821, and the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was driven in 1885. The voyageurs and fur traders have gone to their happy hunting grounds, and it is more difficult now to see great stretches of the Saskatchewan than it was a century ago. Instead, one views it at isolated points and the continuity is lost. By air during the war or by rail from The Pas one might have been at Churchill or York Factory. A precarious voyage by wood-burning steamer on Lake Winnipeg will still bring glimpses of the Grand Rapids, past which the loads of the York boats were once portaged, or of Norway House, first built by refugees from Lord Selkirk's ill-fated Red River Colony. A traveler by Canadian National will see the South Saskatchewan at Saskatoon and the North Saskatchewan at Edmonton, but there will be little to remind him of the buffalo which once darkened the plains or of the trains of Red River carts stringing out toward the Battlefords.

The river is smaller as one ascends and it is a tedious journey to Rocky Mountain House, where crumbling chimneys in a field of wheat are the only remnant of that far-flung post of the fur trade. It is from the Canadian Pacific that one senses most vividly the river's origin, sighting near Calgary the closing snows of the mountain ramparts, following the green windings of the rushing Bow through the foothills to the Canadian Rockies. Still further, on the highway north from Lake Louise, one approaches the glaciers in which the majestic river has its sources, wilderness spots within the memory of living men. One remembers with nostalgia the plodding packtrains, smoke of old campfires, sunlit peaks, and nodding flowers, and always the river, pouring its silted waters eastward to the prairies, the Saskatchewan on its historic course to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay. Today it flows through a new world, all but unrecognizable to the fur trader, with oil, wheat, cattle, and irrigation replacing the frontier values of an earlier day and forming the most recent chapter in the making of Canada.

The book is adequately illustrated by the drawings of Illingsworth H. Kerr. There is an excellent map showing historic sites, together with bibliography and index.

Dr. J. Monroe Thorington, former editor of the American Alpine Journal, *has led several mountaineering expeditions to the sources of the Saskatchewan.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Porphyria, in "Porphyria's Lover," by Browning. 2. Guinevere, in "Idylls of the King," by Tennyson. 3. Edith, in "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow. 4. "Thais," by Anatole France. 5. Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," by Anita Loos. 6. Countess Le Sage, in "The Women," by Clare Boothe. 7. Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare. 8. "Nana," by Zola. 9. "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 10. Frith, in "The Snow Goose," by Paul Gallico.

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Kansas Sits for a Portrait

WHEAT COUNTRY. By William B. Bracke. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

IN THIS latest addition to the American Folkways series, Kansas—lusty, gusty, self-conscious, and self-contradictory Kansas—sits for a portrait which may well cause her to squirm uncomfortably, while certain of her citizens (including this reviewer) derive from it much enjoyment and not a little information. Nor should the interest of the book be confined to Kansas. No state of our Union has a gaudier history than this geographic heart of the nation; none has produced a more fascinating gallery of "characters" nor expressed more effectively (often in caricature) what most of us regard as the "essential nature" of America. And William Bracke, himself a third-generation Kansan, has managed not only to present a multitude of interesting facts about his native state but also to capture much of her paradoxical, exasperating, yet remarkably vital spirit.

Across the pages of his book troop such disparate and sometimes desperate figures as John Brown, murdering pro-slavers in the name of God; Jim Lane, playing the cheapest kind of politics with abolitionist sentiment; Wild Bill Hickok, holding "the law" in his hands with his smoking six-guns; Populist Mary Ellen Lease, rousing Kansas farmers to battle Eastern capital with her plea that they "raise less corn and more hell"; Carry Nation, smashing saloons with her hatchet; "Doc" Brinkley, the goat-gland quack, running for governor as a write-in candidate and (probably) being robbed of his victory by an illegal vote count.

Here, too, are Ed Howe of the Atchison *Globe*, with his notorious hatred of "religion" and "women"; William Allen White, expressing most of the best and some of the worst of mid-American mentality; William Rockhill Nelson, making his *Kansas City Star* the dominant paper of Kansas, though it happens to be published in Missouri; E. Haldeman-Julius, of Girard, publishing his famed "Little Blue Books" at a nickel apiece, and the Eisenhower boys, of Abilene, re-creating in our time the great American "success story." Presented, also, are gaudy true stories of "Bleeding Kansas" and Indian fights and buffalo hunts, of Prohibition and grasshoppers and hard red winter wheat, all told with gusto from the point of view of one who sympathizes with the old-line agrarian radicals and who regrets the smugness and hypocrisy which, alas, have lately characterized our native state. Few indeed are the Kansans who would learn nothing from a reading of this book.

With all this in his favor—and I think it's more than enough to make his work valuable—it's a pity that Mr. Bracke has never really learned to write English. He's a college professor of the subject, too! No amount of gusto, and he has lots of it, can quite obscure his faulty word choice, his garbled metaphors, his frequently execrable sentence structure.

He writes that "within that area each year is grown the largest amount of wheat in the world," adding that the "amounts . . . depend annually and staggeringly upon" rainfall, etc. (He also has "wheat prices [rising] sharply on the Kansas City stock exchange," a factual error I find hard to forgive a spokesman for the wheat country; grain, as every Kansan should know, is traded on the Kansas City Board of Trade.) He can speak of a "nearly solid and palpable curtain of dust." Telling of poison mash for grasshopper control, he writes: "However, a farmer often lost a half-dozen fine Guernseys when his cattle would also get to the mash." He says that "around Topeka . . . the political climate is concentrated" and that "the flowering [of Populism] was . . . strident."

Such misuse of language may be deemed unimportant in this era of "progressive" education, but letting an author get by with it does seem unfair to those who through long and painful discipline have learned the writer's craft.

The Culprit

By Louis Kent

NOW I must rise from this green shade
of arms, from this great cradling knee
and knee comforting under me,

For past the dark and darkening head
appointedly the perfect stars
narrowly, perfectly, step in place

And bid the culprit show his face
who stole under their golden spheres
shade for a green and trivial way,

And hear what icy sentences
the perfect beyond need of trees
pass on the idler of a day.

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The West's Wildest

THE LAST CHANCE. By John Myers Myers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 260 pp. $3.50.

By DALE L. MORGAN

ON HOWEVER slow and piecemeal a basis, a responsible history of Western outlawry is beginning to take shape. Twelve years ago Charles Kelly gave us a preliminary study of Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch, and I understand a new and greatly expanded edition of his book will soon be ready. Jay Monaghan has written a careful biography of Tom Horn; Burton Rascoe has paid his respects to Belle Starr, and within the past year Homer Croy and James Horan have taken a fresh look at the James and Younger brothers.

Twice before writers have tackled the Tombstone story. There is reason for this continuing fascination the Arizona town exerts, for it is sometimes said, and not without justification, to have been the toughest town the Old West ever knew. Mr. Myers's history strikes me as superior to the books of both Frederick Bechdolt and Walter Burns Noble for it has a broader cultural approach and makes more objective use of the sources. "The Last Chance" draws not only on the general literature, including some important materials that have come to light since Noble's book was published, but on the Cochise County records and the newspapers of the time—to the extent, that is, that these newspaper files are available in Arizona. It must be said that Mr. Myers fell down in not looking farther afield, for in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley he could have repaired many of the gaps in the Tombstone newspaper files which he rightly laments.* This slip-up with respect to source material, however, is the only serious criticism I am going to levy against Mr. Myers for I think he has done a useful job and done it well.

Tombstone was one of the last towns in the West's Hollywood tradition. The Apaches were largely responsible for the delay in its appearance on the scene; until 1876 they effectively prevented settlement in or systematic prospecting of the San Pedro Valley. However, in the summer of 1877 Edward Schieffelin turned up a showing of silver ore in the brown valley lying between the Huachucas and the Dragoons, and within two years Tombstone reared itself up out of the alkali and mesquite. By the fall of 1879 the town had a population of nearly a thousand; by the following spring this population had doubled and within two years it had risen to something over 10,000. Two disastrous fires could not knock the cosmopolis down, for all the while wealth was pouring out from underground; it is estimated that by 1884 the Tombstone mines had produced $25,000,000 in bullion. But by 1884 silver had gone to hell, and the town was already dying when, by one of those fine ironies the West occasionally contrives (Tombstone had had to pipe its water supply from twenty-three miles away), the mines tapped water in too great abundance and flooded out the miners. Despite small booms in 1890 and 1902, Tombstone has never come back, and today, like Virginia City, it is principally a showpiece.

Mr. Myers is mainly concerned with the three reckless years 1880-82, which gave Tombstone its remarkable reputation, the period when one of the townsfolk could fill the pages of his diary with such items as the murder of fourteen men in ten days. A fascinating job Mr. Myers makes of it, too. I haven't seen a better exposition of the dynamics of this kind of frontier town. Tombstone's underground wealth set up the population base and provided the markets; the rangelands roundabout supported the cattle population, which in turn supported the reckless outlawry who served and preyed upon the community. It is all here, the tangled conflict of economic interests and personal loyalties, the venal alliance of territorial politicos with forces of local corruption, the confused social attitudes which bucked any rational operation of law and placed a social stigma on defenders of the law, and the complex forces which militated toward "civilization."

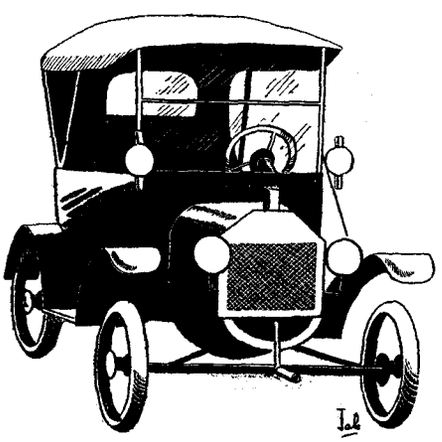
Tombstone's great drama was the fight between the responsible members of the community, lined up behind the celebrated Wyatt Earp and his brothers and the outlaws, "cowboys" as they called themselves, whose instrument was the Cochise County sheriff. The climactic violence came on the afternoon of October 26, 1881, when the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday buckled on their guns and stalked the streets of Tombstone in search of their enemies. How that search resulted and, in fact, how the whole drama was resolved, I will leave it to Mr. Myers to relate.

**Too many writers of history are unaware of the existence of the "Union List of Newspapers, 1821-1936," published by the H. W. Wilson Company in 1937, which catalogues, however imperfectly, the holdings of American newspapers in the principal American libraries. Unfortunately, too, in some of the more culturally backward states not a single library in the state may have this indispensable reference tool. This is also true of Clarence Brigham's bibliography of American newspapers before 1821, published by the American Antiquarian Society. In either case, such writers would be well advised to query one of the large libraries of the country concerning the whereabouts of newspaper files of critical importance for their researches.*

Americana Notes

PIONEER AMERICA: Its First Three Centuries, by Carl W. Drepperd. Doubleday. $7.50. Here is a book of 311 pages with 2,300 illustrations. The pictures (some of them, inevitably, of postage-stamp size, but without impairment of effectiveness) represent virtually every conceivable artifact in the vast pageant of American gadgetry—skewer racks, butter molds, buffalo traps, corn shellers, window shades, milk bottles, pocket sundials, anamorphoscopes, weather vanes, shaving mugs, patchboxes, mechanical banks, rushlight holders, school desks, hemisphere stoves, quadrant tables, velocipedes, fire buckets, and W. W. Bostwick & Company's one-man bicycle saw. Name it and it's here. This is not at all a book of freaks, though these are not lacking. Considering the abundance of visual material, there is sizable quantity of elucidatory text. The combination gives a graphic picture of what life in the United States was like at practically any date in the pre-internal-combustion-engine era one may care to mention. The collector, the social historian, and the ordinary page-turner will find enlightenment and enjoyment here.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE: Highlights and Sidelights, by Rudolph E. Anderson. Public Affairs Press. $3.75. The title page of this book is a little too inclusive; it is concerned mainly with sidelights —"those aspects of automobile history which have been overlooked or inadequately dealt with by other writers." Even this statement may be debatable, since there is a considerable literature of proto-automobiliana. Anyway, Mr. Anderson has got together an entertaining collection of data, with special emphasis on the motor car in song, legend, movie, play, joke, jingle, story (including the Ford sequence). Since Mr. Anderson began his professional career as a reporter in Detroit and has been writing automotive copy most of his adult life,



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it is safe to accept him as an expert, and he writes knowledgeably about his subject. He has done an especially fine job in digging up and captioning his valuable and interesting illustrations.

DEAR HOLLYWOOD, edited by Juliet Lowell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $1. This is Miss Lowell's fifth safari into the oddities in the morning mail. It is, inevitably, the screwballiest of the lot. People who write to Hollywood are people (even so much may be questionable) who never write anywhere else. They lack practice, and lack of practice, in this case, makes perfect. Most of these letters are to movie celebrities, so called; others are to business houses, public officials, whatnot. Some of the humor is conscious, some of it unconscious, and most of the writers semiconscious.

WASHINGTON, PAST AND PRESENT: A Pictorial History of the Nation's Capital, by Chalmers M. Roberts. Public Affairs Press, Washington. $4.50. In the summer of 1800 some 130 employes of the Executive branch of the Government followed President John Adams from the Schuylkill to the Potomac, and Washington had its first housing shortage. Congress moved in that fall. This year the city, now grown from 3,600 to 900,000 inhabitants, will celebrate its sesquicentennial with an exposition, a symphonic drama, a sports program, pageants, parades, and a heat wave. Hence Mr. Roberts's book, which is made up of reproductions of 500 photographs and prints supplemented by 25,000 words of competent text. It is a good job—interesting, entertaining, enlightening in agreeable and nondidactic fashion. Looking it over is sort of like leafing through the family album of Mr. and Mrs. America.—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

THE TEXAS COOKBOOK, by Arthur and Bobbie Coleman. A. A. Wynn. $2.50. You won't want to barbecue an armadillo or stew a rattlesnake for your next guests but this cookbook offers, along with the aforementioned, some delightfully different recipes in a more practical vein. The big state's cuisine, evolved from its years under the French, Spanish, and Mexican flags and more than a little of the opulent living of the Old South, has a gustatory charm that is difficult to surpass. Two native Texans, Arthur and Bobbie Coleman, have compiled a book which does much to change the outlander's concept of chili and beans as the daily Texas diet. Certainly, the fiery chiles are used liberally in the preparation of many of the meats and vegetables. As curries are almost indispensable in the cookery of the East, so chiles lend their savory piquancy to the food of the Southwest. However, if you aren't one to be tempted by the red hot, try the ham baked with honey and cranberry sauce or arroz con pollo or plantation jambalaya. These and many others make the book a "must" for the jaded palate and a challenge to searchers for the unusual. The recipes are carefully adapted to the modern kitchen and stated clearly and simply enough for the amateur chef. Interspersed among the pages are amusing stories for lovers of Lone Star lore and, in case you've gotten only a touch of Texas, the last chapter, headed "Pilón" (Mexican equivalent of "thrown in for free"), is a bibliography of Texana suggested by J. Frank Dobie.
—DOROTHY MICHAEL.

THE COLONIAL CRAFTSMAN, by Carl Bridenbaugh. New York University Press. $4.25. It was fitting that the director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg was invited to give these Anson G. Phelps lectures at New York University, now collected in this handsome little volume, for the Williamsburg restoration project has had an influence of the first magnitude upon our rediscovery of the arts and crafts of colonial times. Mr. Bridenbaugh has given us a fresh and thoughtful synthesis, but his comment that "everything on the subject" previously written was "from an antiquarian point of view" inexplicably overlooks the contributions of Marcus W. Jernegan, Richard B. Morris, and Abbot E. Smith, whose well-marked trails the author has clearly followed. While the author takes full account of regional divergences in the progress of the crafts, he has been somewhat less successful in dealing with the craftsman as a social class. His craftsmen constitute a vertical rather than a horizontal group and range from entrepreneurs and manufacturers in the heavy industries to indentured servants and slaves, from limners to semi-skilled workers. Any generalization about so variegated an assortment might seem incautious. In arguing that the craftsman as a class favored independence the author hardly strengthens his case by including such signers as Benjamin Franklin, quondam printer, or Roger Sherman, who had long since abandoned the cobbler's bench for the law and mercantile pursuits. It might be difficult to document the author's contention that the artisans were more anxious to get ahead than any other group, especially in the light of evidence from inventories of estates which show that merchants invariably outstripped craftsmen in the rate at which they accumulated capital. —M. R.

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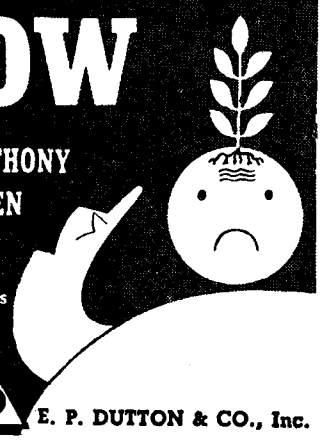

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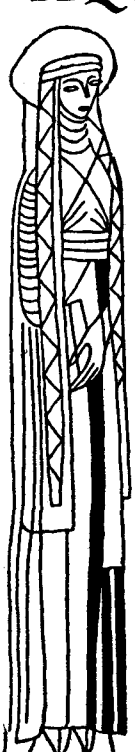

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COMMISSARS OF LOYALTY

(*Continued from page 10*)

cial oath but in its place promptly voted by secret ballot, 89 per cent to 11 per cent, to embrace not only the Constitutional oath but also a contractual acceptance of the regents' policy barring Communists. Another resolution that "proved members of the Communist Party, by reason of such commitment to that Party, are not acceptable as members of the faculty" won by 79 per cent. Neylan quickly congratulated the faculty upon having met the issue of "civilization versus barbarism boldly and incisively," and his pro-oath running mate in Southern California, building-and-loan company president and senior regent Edward Dickson, called the result "highly gratifying." But eight days later, by a caprice well-nigh incredible, the regents in a ten-to-ten tie refused to withdraw the old ultimatum, Neylan asserting that "the agreement proposed by the faculty has absolutely no value. If we yield, every Communist in America will try to get on the faculty of this University, because it will be known that the regents have caved in."

MANY citizens kept asking the dissidents, "If you're not Reds, why don't you sign and shut up?" But on the other side, letters, telegrams, round robins, declarations from many college heads, proposals from as far away as Oxford and Oslo to aid and harbor the prospective displaced persons gave heartening proof to academic solidarity. Robert M. Hutchins—whose University of Chicago recently faced a demand from the Illinois Legislature to investigate whether students "are being indoctrinated with Communistic and other subversive theories" or else lose its tax exemption—on behalf of his faculty offered a voluntary 2-percent deduction from salaries to support California professors in exile. Even the writer of these lines, a hardened critic of Mr. Hutchins, was deeply moved. And among our own regents we found still more effective champions. They included Governor Warren, who spoke out with rare personal courage, and President Sproul, who we strongly suspected stood under heavy fire from two or three regents trying to exploit this deadlock from private animus.

In mid-April a committee of the alumni set hard to work to effect a compromise. Thanks to them, on the twenty-first the regents by a vote of twenty-one to one rescinded the special oath—substituting an anti-Communist declaration on each contract and, still more important, guaranteeing that no teacher (not even a nonsigner of this declaration) would be fired until his case had passed through the hands of his peers, the faculty committee on privilege and tenure. Thus was restored to the University a measure of its traditional self-government, although the final decision in each case rests with the regents. How this compromise will work cannot yet be foretold. Its success hinges upon good faith between faculty, administration, and regents; its first test will come with the review of those professors who still refuse to bate a jot of their independence. If after investigation faculty committee and president certify a clean bill of health will the regents accept without demur? No guillotine, it appears, will be set up in the shadow of the campanile, but a good deal of star-chamber business lies ahead.

This compromise satisfies few professors completely but in general is accepted as a limited victory. Yet an atmosphere of unease remains within the University, an abiding sense of suspicion outside its walls. The sole dissenting regent of the last meeting, the banker L. M. Giannini, did nothing to allay it by declaring: "I feel sincerely that if we rescind this oath flags will fly from the Kremlin . . . I want to organize twentieth-century vigilantes, who will unearth Communists and Communism in all their sordid aspects, and I will, if necessary."

It is doubtful that even the most naive regent believes that any loyalty pledge, however fine its mesh, can catch a Communist. So far as security is concerned, a local campus saying has run, "If you want to avoid the oath, just go up the hill and join the radiation lab"—since there at the cyclotron this test was never mentioned, although an AEC questionnaire without notarization might be regarded as an equivalent. As for alleged background causes of the controversy, rumor once asserted that the State Legislature was about to impose a still more drastic test upon the University, which the regents forestalled by stepping in with theirs—something like shooting alma mater to save her from rape. It now appears that this threat was imaginary. As for more realistic causes, it is clear that a few trustees on the boards of most universities are prone to regard professors as gullibles or, perhaps still worse, as hired men, whose virtue is obedience. Also, at a distance some conservatives mistake any home-grown

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liberal for a Communist, thus greatly aiding the latter in the perfection of his camouflage. Equally true is the fact that an occasional trustee—typically a retired or almost retired businessman, with little else to occupy his once aggressive energies—develops a power drive, finding unconscious satisfaction in imposing his will upon rightfully self-regulating bodies, such as a university long experienced in screening its own membership. Many a businessman, of course, soon ripens into an excellent trustee; several of our staunchest defenders in the recent struggle are distinguished lawyers and corporation executives. But since American universities have never had that completely self-governing principle known to British and Continental universities, it has lately been suggested with justice that one or more faculty representatives should sit on the governing boards of their own universities.

At all events, it seems a modest requirement to ask that those assets of confidence and public good will—without which any university, even owning an annual budget of fifty millions, is poor indeed—should not be squandered, recklessly and fruitlessly, by those citizens into whose hands a great university has been given as a public trust.

Wholesale onslaughts upon the loyalty of American professors have much in common in spirit and method with those assaults now being waged against the State Department and its symbols, past or present, like Secretary Acheson and General Marshall. In both cases the hysteria is generally planted by cool calculation. It is fed by an appetite for publicity and power, political advantage or personal jealousy. Its sponsors seem to show little or no respect for the facts. Their appeal is shrewdly addressed to that lowest form of patriotism, the patriotism of fear. Under its cloak they are able to demand, and often get, rules and legislation of an extraordinary and superfluous kind that bypasses a core of wholly competent, tried, and legal measures for encompassing the same ends. The Mundt Bill, ignoring such effective instruments as the Espionage Act of 1917 and the Smith Act of 1940, would create several new and vague political crimes—like "facilitating or aiding in the establishment of a totalitarian dictatorship in the United States," blabbing secrets to Communists, and failing to register as a Communist. The upshot would be akin to teachers' special oaths that yield no practical good, ride roughshod over due academic process, and raise traditional American hackles.

To believe that registrations and affidavits will snare the wily Bolshevik is to stake the safety of one's country upon the flimsiest assumption. In front of a concrete breakwater, shall we string an entanglement of barbed wire to hold back the waves?

Dixon Wecter, professor of history at the University of California, is author of "The Age of the Great Depression," and other books.

Burnt River Blues

By Vincent McHugh

OH my jeans don't jingle
an my spurs don't clink
an it's ten thousand years
since I ain't had a drink

I'm goin over
over the Burnt River road
If I find my pardner
him an me's gonna tie on a load

I was shacked up with petticoats
out on the line
but I spoke out o turn
an the woman ain't mine

I'm goin over
over the Burnt River climb
where the hens ain't chickens
an the chickens come six for a dime

Got a bally-face gelding
an a mule named Joe
an a magpie that flies
like an arrer from a bow

I'm goin over
over the Burnt River draw
where the grass is greener
an the women don't take you to law

I laid down my cards
but I wasn't nowhere
Got up from the table
to get a little air

I'm goin over
over the Burnt River trail
where they donate the whisky
an there ain't no doors to the jail

If that woman comes back
I'll take her too
but that ain't no more likely
than a cow's ka-choo

I'm goin over
over the Burnt River trail
where the grass is greener
an there ain't no doors to the jail

We asked for unconditional surrender —

and gave our enemies the courage of despair

We called for the war crimes trials —

and damaged the way to international justice

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
DOCUMENTARIES ON TAPE		
"VOICES OF YESTERDAY." (Sarah Bernhardt, T. Roosevelt, Wm. J. Bryan, Buglar of Balaclava, etc.) 15 min. (600') paper rolls, single-track, 7½". Educational Services. (1701 K St. N.W., Washington 6, D.C.)	Virtually the first commercially available prerecorded tape and as such a minor landmark. But these are from prewar transcribed radio series—quality is poor (3,500 top, roughly). Dubbing of old voices is good. With modern treatment someone could do a lot with this.	This was an excellent idea—background dramatizations built around old Edison recordings of famous voices; tape availability is also fine idea. But the "drama" is of the corniest sort; original voices only fill a minute or so of the roll. Poor tonal quality makes listening hard.
BACH		
BACH: THE SIX "BRANDENBURG" CONCERTI. Chamber group, Reiner. (Solos: J. Baker, E. Eichar, F. Wilkins, flutes; R. Bloom, oboe; W. Vacchiano, trumpet; W. Wilber, horn; F. Eyle, H. Kolberg, vls.; W. Lincer, N. Biro, vlas.; L. Rose, cello; S. Marlowe, F. Valenti, harps.) Columbia LP: ML 4281/3	Since Stokowski's early recordings, the "Brandenburgs" have been slowly reconverted from huge, pseudo-symphonic performances to their present true shape—close-up music for groups of solo players plus a few *ripieno* strings for bulk and contrast. This series is done exactly thus—yet even conductor is superfluous; Reiner's presence is sometimes adverse, in hard, driving tempi, overstrained final mvts. The performance is largely matter of each player's contribution to ensemble: in general, wind playing is here superb (#1, #2, #4), string and keyboard work less good in accuracy, sense of phrasing, and rhythm. Keyboard solo in #5 is not distinguished. Recording: excellent—maximum clarity and transparency, enough liveness, a quite correct closeness, suited to chamber-group style. (Warmer, "big hall" sound is here undesirable.) Some aberrations, evidently tape-inspired. Conductor changes players in mid-concerto (cf. #4), movements apparently done at diff. times. Keyboard cadenza (#5) evidently made separately, patched in—or so it sounds. These tape "advantages" were better unused! (Note: see also London's Stuttgart "Brandenburgs," which I have not received.)	
MUSIC FOR WINDS		
BEETHOVEN: OCTET, OP. 103. (a) (with RONDINO IN E FLAT). Members of Little Orch. Society, Scherman. EMS LP: EMS 1. (b) (with MOZART: "A MUSICAL JOKE," K. 522). Ensemble dir. by F. Oubradous. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6130	Two new recordings (there's a third, too) of an unusual B. item. Oubradous version is dynamic, long phrased, romantic, with fine tension, some roughness. Little Orch. playing is classic, smoothly blurp-free, a bit wooden. Both boast fine individual performances, as in "Brandenburgs" above. Rondino (winds) is Schubertian slow mvt.—nice. The famous "Musical Joke," Mozart satire full of intentional errors, still manages to be remarkably musical. Fine study for harmony-counterpoint students—spot the errors! Both these recordings are wide range, from tape; Vox-Oubrados is louder, thinner, more brilliant; EMS-Scherman is broader, with more on horns, less woodwind, more surface noise.	
HAYDN: OCTET IN F FOR WINDS. Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group.	This wind octet hasn't quite the nearness and presence of either of above two (matter of acoustics) but difference is not important; this is high-quality, wide-range tape, ultra-listenable.	An earlier octet, in more polished, more string-like style. (The Beethoven is a bit bumptious as always!) This is pure "entertainment" music, beautifully molded, pleasantly reserved, as for super-background playing, serenade-style. Delicate, sensitive performance.
BOCCHERINI: SYMPHONY IN A, OP. 37, #4. Vienna Symphony Orch., Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-2	The Boccherini is a splendid, close-up, live recording with nice bite, excellent clarity of detail. (Works like these, it is well to note, are recorded in Europe on American tape because cost is roughly one-tenth that of same music as played here. An unfortunate situation.)	A most enjoyable novelty (and about time!) from prolific near-great Italian. Haydn-like, but heavier textured, with some concerto grosso character. Hearty, slightly coarse playing.
HAYDN: WIND DIVERTIMENTO IN B FLAT; ORGAN CONCERTO IN F. Members Winterthur Sym., Kromar. Concert Hall Lim. Ed. LP: D-5	More good tape recording—the outdoor-style music played in fine, live indoor hall. Organ-orch. job is first rate; a small, intimate organ.	At last—the "St. Antoni Chorale," theme of Brahms's "Haydn Variations," in original form, plus a lovely, soft-toned, decorative organ concerto. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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NEW EDITIONS

ALMOST forty-five years ago, on the stage of the Marinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg, home of the Imperial Russian Ballet, "in the crowd of other boys, now carrying the train of the Queen, now one of the tormenting spirits in the 'Vision of Raymonda,' there moved, unnoticed, the Eighth Wonder of the World." That unnoticed boy died the other day in Paris—his name was Nijinsky—and the words I have quoted were written by Tamara Karsavina, Nijinsky's great partner, whose volume of reminiscences, "Theatre Street," has recently been issued in a revised edition (Dutton, $4) that contains a new chapter on Diaghileff, the directorial genius who led Russia's artistic invasion of Western Europe and the Western hemisphere. "Theatre Street" is a fascinating book, for it tells the story of a dedicated life, and such a tale is almost always fascinating in no matter what field of endeavor the life may have been lived. Karsavina's story is the record of an artistic education that was never finished even when the artist had reached the pinnacle of her profession, of a career in which achievement is only a spur to new effort, a career in which unrelenting self-discipline must be maintained if the artist is not to slip back from heights already reached. "Ephemerae of a brief summer, great dancers leave no record but a pious legend." Karsavina has preserved many such legends, including her own. She has taken us inside the Imperial Ballet School, as it was at the turn of the century, where girls and boys were trained as if for religious orders. She has opened up to us the closed, narrow, entirely self-sufficient world of the ballet, circumscribed by the devoted ranks of the *balletomanes*. And she has spoken some true words on the subject of artistic technique that should be pondered by a generation largely content with shortcuts, improvisation, and amateur performances in all the arts. "Theatre Street" is a book for readers of many kinds.

"Autobiography of Maxim Gorky" (Citadel Press, $3.75)—consisting of Gorky's famous trilogy, "My Childhood," "In the World," "My Universities"—tells the story of another Russian education: that of a writer and a revolutionist. This course of instruction began in provincial poverty and led through "the lower depths" to the soul-searching society of the Russian intelligentsia. The three volumes are a vast gallery of portraits in which the author's realism finds its best expression. And they are more than that, for as we read them we walk the earth—indeed, we seem to taste the very dirt—in which the seeds of the still immeasurably fateful Revolution were nourished. Isidore Schneider's new translation, as far as I can judge, does belated justice to an author who was treated shabbily by those who first put him into English.

We may read the tale of still a third Russian education in Pitirim Sorokin's "Leaves from a Russian Diary" (Beacon Press, $3.50), a vivid account of the author's experiences during the Revolution for which Gorky longed and to which he adjusted himself so successfully. Sorokin, to his everlasting credit, enjoyed no similar success. He was a revolutionary theorist, but he learned quickly when faced with revolutionary facts. The Bolsheviks chose a road on which he could not follow. As secretary to Kerensky he fought against their seizure of power. Soon after the fall of the Provisional Government he became a hunted man who literally took to the woods. "In this wild forest," he writes, "the utter futility of all revolution, the vanity of all Socialism and Communism became clear to me." Saved from an executioner's bullet by a decision of Lenin's and restored to his university posts in Petrograd, he tried for some three years to teach and write without betraying his beliefs and principles. Banishment was the end of this hopeless experiment. Sorokin's book, an understandably bitter one, confirms many other accounts of life in the Soviet Paradise. A new chapter in the revised edition evaluates the Revolution as a destructive success and a constructive failure and defines its role in the disintegration of our "sensate Western culture," which Sorokin has so often and so eloquently proclaimed.

"Great Short Stories of the World" (Rinehart, $1.75), edited by Charles Neider, is a rich collection, but it holds several tales that are less than great. . . . New Signet Book: Erskine Caldwell's "Georgia Boy" (25¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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the Phoenix Nest

IN THE YEAR OF THE STAR-BOMB

THE CITIES glow, but not as lights glow:
They flame for an instant, melt, condense in slag,
Their fragile steel dissolved by exploding mind.
A million years have closed into an instant,
And of all temples, all poems, all music
Now neither end nor beginning.

Yet why should I fear? This is no new death.
It has been waiting for me ever since I was born.
We are not the first who have seen the stars for the last time.
So long as I breathe and wake, the world is here,
The dew bends the tips of grass blades, the field lark carols,
But when my eyes close and my heart stops, the world ends.
It will be as if it had never been.

When then do I look up to the stars and cry aloud?
Why am I compassionate over the inhospitable earth?
Why should I mourn the wooers of destruction
Or give the mother's cry for the unborn?

O yet a little, lonely ones of earth, we dwelt together,
Created earth within each other's eyes,
And met our children at a rendezvous
On the sharp watershed of eternity
Where minds, an instant mingled, roll apart.

Stretch forth your hands, O distant dwellers
In time's dark spirals: if I keep not for you
The cycle of stone and seed, the star-forged heavens,
The joy and pain of creating the ductile earth,
I shall be dying as no man yet has died,
Buried in seared land to no music,
And I shall know the ultimate loneliness
In which the world which I created in secret
And saw reflected in startled eyes of strangers
Passes, slips out of thought, is lost forever,
And shall not be again, nor ever was.

—ARTHUR M. SAMPLEY.

* * *

S. A. Jacobs, that excellent typographer, has made a beautiful book at Golden Eagle Press, Mount Vernon, N. Y., of the verses (with drawings by the author) of Grace Spaulding John. It is called "Memo" and is a subscription, limited edition, priced at $25. Copies, I understand, have been purchased by the New York Public Library, the Fondren Library of Rice Institute, Houston, Tex., and by the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston. At these places it is on display. Mrs. John, who is in private life Mrs. Grace John Hancock, lives in Roanoke, Va., and is a painter, as well as a poet. To me her remarkable, concise illustrations in this book are better than the poems they illustrate.

* * *

TO THE POLITBURO

"What the United States doesn't want to be is 'mezhdunarodni prostachok.' That's the way the Russians would understand Secretary of State Dean Acheson's 'international sucker' phrase in his Berkeley, California, speech."—*Herald Tribune Bureau.*

Though you aren't exactly a love we've sung to,
You've called us everything you could lay tongue to,
And in your minds our hopes you'd mock
As "mezhdunarodni prostachok."

Since you are the one great Panjandrum
Of the Kingdom that has Never Come,
You miss no chance to clinch and sock
The mezhdunarodni prostachok.

We rather believe from what we've read
That you are standing on your head.
But a nation under your bolt and lock
Is mezhdunarodni prostachok.

And they are many and they are dumb.
They don't even wiggle under your thumb,
Save one, whose plans you failed to block
As mezhdunarodni prostachok.

We blunder and bungle and mean quite well,
Though by some results you could not tell,
But of all *you* are we've taken stock
As mezhdunarodni prostachok.

We doubt you are being very kind
While you destroy Man's will and mind
Who yammers "confessions" in the dock
As mezhdunarodni prostachok.

Though your cohorts hate anyone that cavils
We've been quite a spell on Gullible's Travels,
And we frankly admit you seem to shock
This mezhdunarodni prostachok.

But nevertheless, here is one nation
Who believes in another's regeneration,
Though the red cock crow for Ragnarok
For the mezhdunarodni prostachok.

—SAUL KANE.

* * *

Chad Walsh, whose religious thinking has been notable in, for instance, his analysis of C. S. Lewis, "C. S. Lewis: Apostle to the Skeptics," is also a poet of ability, and last year he published a book of poems, "The Factual Dark," which, unfortunately, was overlooked, as far as reviewing went, in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* I am glad to inform those who look up interesting poetry that this book was brought out by The Decker Press, at Prairie City, Ill., and is priced at $2. Mr. Walsh has contributed poetry to *The Saturday Review of Literature, New Republic, Spirit: A Magazine of Poetry, The University of Kansas City Review,* etc.

* * *

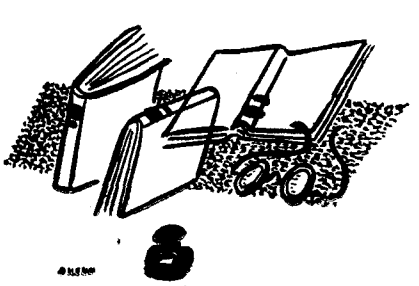
TO HIS TWILIGHT READER

"Intended to indicate some characteristics of the general trend or drift of literary effort."—G. H. Mair: "English Literature: Modern." (1912)

I am no part of the trend, or drift:
The noonday critic is not my friend—
But slack your time . . . and sieve your sift . . .
I might be with you, toward the end.

—DOVE DULCET.

* * *



—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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HARVARD GRADUATE, 26, personable, idealistic, civilian, needs work. Box 235-C.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES—Join an old-time coasting schooner for a Maine coast vacation cruise under sail—$65 weekly. Capt. Frank Swift, Box L-57, Camden, Maine.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, *anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded* service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

YOUR HOBBY brings greatest pleasure through Five-Star Plan for Hobbyists. Hobby News Letter, full information, 20¢. Hep, Box 369-A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR RENT: July, 4-room, beautifully furnished duplex apartment, Manhattan, to responsible persons. Box 108-C.

YALE SENIOR, veteran, wants unusually interesting work, anywhere. Box 598-B.

LANE'S ISLAND — Accommodations still available during July. Quiet. Beautiful scenery. $45 and $50 weekly. American Plan. Rockaway Inn, Vinalhaven, Me.

FOR RENT: June, July, August and part Sept. if wish. Charming and practical Cape Cod furnished house. Modernized and restored century-old colonial. Insulated. All utilities. In country village 12 minutes to Nantucket Sound. Accommodates 4 or 5. $175 monthly. Write: Box 298-C.

MALE, young, intelligent, alert, hopes interested female will correspond. Box 333-C.

LADY, cultured, well traveled, loves all the arts and gracious living, would like to correspond with mature male with similar interests. Box 289-C.

DON'T BUY ANOTHER BOOK until you consult our catalogues of unusual values. Save 25% to 80% on new books! Nothing to give away but the greatest dollar value and the very best service. Any book in print supplied. Standard sets, too. Write for details without delay. ALAN GARDNER, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

NEUROTICA 6 PRESENTS: "The Fear of Touch", Theodor Reik; "Gentlemen's Sexual Agreement"; "Report from the Asylum." Always lively, authoritative reading in NEUROTICA. $2 four issues. NEUROTICA, 143 West 53 St., NYC.

SOFT MAPLE SUGAR as the early Colonists made and ate it. Order a 5 pound tin, $6. 2 pound tin, $2.40. 1 pound, $1.25, postpaid from FOREST FARMS, Jamaica, Vt.

HILLTOP IN VERMONT beckons for business. Former estate at South Londonderry would make wonderful summertime inn, hunting and skiing lodge. Consists of 2 main dwellings joined together, plus 2 cottages and barn. *240 acres include tennis court, trout* stream, apples and sugar maples. There's money to be made here! Full details in illustrated brochure 42620. PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22. PLaza 8-2630.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, this includes our catalogues. A penny postcard will embark you on a sea of bargains. There are still a few SRL subscribers we haven't heard from. H. H. EVANS, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

VERY CULTURED FEMME, attractive, interesting, challenges the pen of a professional, peerless gentleman. Box 379-C.

(Continued on Page 58)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 57)

SCARSDALE, cool, spacious house, 4 cross-ventilated master bedrooms with 4 private baths; 2 maids' rooms and bath; screened porch, terrace, fine garden. Reasonable. End of June to Sept. 9. Scarsdale, N. Y. 3-5646.

DO YOU DESIRE to complete your sets of National Geographics, New Yorkers, Readers' Digests? We can supply all issues. Also any magazine back number desired. Box 151-D.

MALE NURSE, available as your "Man Friday", and personal assistant, companion, drive, etc. Conscientious. Excellent remuneration required, believer in preventive medicine, very highest credentials. Box 355-C.

"DICTIONARY PLEASE!" The game being played everywhere. Something not to be missed by all who enjoy topflight acrostics, anagrams, and crosswords. For descriptive literature, send postcard to: Eric G. Clarke & Co., P.O. Box 1931, Portland, Ore.

NANTUCKET—for rent, brightly furnished apartment in barn on 8 acres. For couple. Inexpensive, but highest references required. Box 358-C.

FACULTY WOMAN, fiftyish, A.M. Mathematics, instructor in large southern university, desires similar position in small college, New England, middle west or upper south for Fall. Box 361-C.

PLEASANT COUNTRY HOME for writer, artist. 1830 farmhouse, 7 rooms, bath, oil heat, insulated, 15 acres with trout stream, on paved road 3 miles from village. $6,000, less $3,250 mortgage. Box 7, Canaan, N. H.

FOR ROUGHING IT—small, new, attractively furnished (pine, bookshelf-lined) cabin, 5 acres, 700' large state, stocked trout brook, swimming pool. Stable nearby. Newton, Conn. Weekly, weekends. Box 364-C.

YOUNG CHICAGOAN wants part or full time work in Chicago book store. Well read. Perceptive. Box 365-C.

BIOLOGIST, feminine, excellent background, loves life and living, would enjoy corresponding with an educated, successful, mature, well balanced gentleman. Box 366-C.

MALE STUDENT, young, companionable, desires interesting summer employment. Box 368-C.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT, ex-marine, desires summer job, anywhere. Box 369-C.

YOUNG GRADUATE STUDENT would like to combine vacation with summer employment. Likeable. Will consider practically anything. Box 371-C.

GIRL, Junior College graduate, needs summer work, governess, waitress, whatever. Box 372-C.

SEND 60¢ for first issue COMPLEX, Psychoanalytic Quarterly, 232 West 29 St., NYC 1.

DOCTOR'S WIFE, British, seeks American correspondent. Interests: topical affairs, family life, music, literature, gardening. Box 374-C.

LATIN AMERICAN BOUND? Young man, college, Spanish, past resident Mexico, Central America, will aid as companion, chauffeur, etc. References. Box 375-C.

LAFAYETTE SENIOR, Philosophy, journalistic experience, seeks summer job, home, Scarsdale. Box 376-C.

REDWOODS, PINES AND CEDARS provide setting for charming small estate, 1 hour from San Francisco. Italian-style home has Santa Clara valley and Santa Cruz mountain view. All 8 rooms connect directly with gardens. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 half-baths. Route 1. Box 219, Los Gatos, Calif.

OUTSTANDING PRINCETON JUNIOR, healthy, Pepsi-Cola Scholarship winner, diverse talents, seeks interesting summer or permanent work rewarding initiative. Box 378-C.

SCHOOL TEACHER, colored, desires summer employment, child care in private family. Box 466-C.

SCHOOLS! COLLEGES! EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS! One-fourth of me, one-fifth—will put you back on the map if you're off. I am a school, college publicity expert. Excellent writer. Open full, part-time. Any takers? Annette Smith Lawrence, Box 467-C.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED regarding the identification of individuals above 160 I.Q. Stanford-Binet. Box 448-C.

PERSONALS

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

UNPRETENTIOUS COMFORT in the hills. Couples only. Paradise Valley Lodge, Box 2, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

EXCELLENT HOME, FLUSHING, use important library, offered to lady secretary, under 30, return 8 hours weekly typing, evenings. Box 453-C.

ROOMY APARTMENT, 2 persons, 3 months, beginning June. Box 454-C.

MEXICO—editorial, publicity, photo, business, assignments executed. Box 380-C.

YOUNG, no dilettante, excellent education, Phi Beta Kappa (English) wide manual experience. Must earn living while writing. Box 381-C.

TRAVEL MINDED? Young teacher seeks companion (female) share expenses low-cost European summer. Box 383-C.

COTTAGE ON CAPE COD, annex, sleeps 4, private waterfront. Bargain summer rental. Full particulars, photographs. Box 384-C.

FOR SALE: Inn in college community. 2 hours from NYC. 7 bedrooms. Grossed $30,000, mostly bar. Selling price, $24,000, ½ down. Box 385-C.

FOR RENT: House on Cayuga Lake, $550 for season. Secluded though near store. All improvements, fruit, flowers. Suitable artist or author. Box 386-C.

CHILDREN to board at seashore. Can give 1 or 2 youngsters exceptionally healthy, happy summer. Box 387-C.

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? Colorful 8x10 scroll featuring significant events, popular songs, best sellers . . . dozens of fascinating facts about any birthday since 1865. Only $2. Name inscribed. Five-day service, makes unique gift! BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-J, Wall St. Sta., NYC.

WHAT HAVE YOU for this summer . . . anywhere? Co-ed, 24, 6 years' journalism, public relations, secretarial (music, radio, philosophy). Excellent with people all ages. Box 390-C.

YOUNG CHEMICAL ENGINEER desires gay, vivacious, feminine correspondence. Box 391-C.

BOOKSHOP FOR SALE: Well-established in growing suburban community, 38 miles from Boston. Excellent summer resort, in business 18 years under present ownership. Building containing shop in street floor, studio apartment suitable for 2, also for sale. Reasonable. Box 392-C.

SUMMER THEATRE DIRECTOR wants to hear from angels, actors, artists. Box 393-C.

A-BOMB HIDEAWAYS! Everything from schoolhouse at $1,350 to modernized Cape Cod at $9,500. David Barrett, Acworth, N. H.

MAINE COAST, Scarboro. Comfortably furnished rooms. Fine beach. Nearby restaurants. Box 394-C.

EXPERT INK TRACER, mechanical, architectural, electrical, desires free lance work. Box 395-C.

WILL EXCHANGE 4-bedroom house in Hanover, N. H. for small apartment on Manhattan, Aug. 15 to Dec. 1. Box 396-C.

3-ROOM COTTAGE tastefully furnished, large electric kitchen on small, private estate, magnificent view. $400 season. L. B. Samuels, Jewett, N. Y.

CHAP would write lady, liberal minded, devoted to creative writing, best in literature, nature lore, the country. Box 398-C.

COUNTRY COTTAGE, city conveniences, wide waterscape. $150 monthly; June-Sept., less. Martha Elliott, Newmarket, N. H.

SCHOLARLY PROFESSIONAL MAN would correspond with woman of exceptional intellect who rejects modern materialism. Box 400-C.

MODERN 3-BEDROOM APARTMENT. Furnished, May 1 to Oct. 1. High, cool. NYC, ORegon 7-1748.

NEW YORKER seeks informal pleasant accommodation weekends, shore, lake. Join group or family. Moderate cost. Box 450-C.

OWNER selling attractive home near Putney School, Vt.; and unusual house and acreage New Hampshire. Box 451-C.

PERSONALS

2 COLLEGE GIRLS seek summer employment, anywhere. Interests center in the arts, but we will consider anything. References. Box 455-C.

ALERT MAN looks forward to correspondence from women of every description. Box 456-C.

COMPLETELY FURNISHED COTTAGE on lake in Mass. near Cape Cod, July 1-Oct. 1. Box 457-C.

VERSATILE, YOUNG WESTERN BACHELOR in post graduate surgical training, metropolitan area, needs vacation, can't afford. Would be personal physician, companion on long summer cruise or European jaunt. Negligible tariff to right party. Box 458-C.

VICTIM OF WANDERLUST desires correspondence from vagabond interested in walking tour of U. S. Box 459-C.

YOUNG FILM-MAKER, still photographer, 26, seeks employment. Owns 16MM production outfit and car. Has produced educational, documentary films. Studied with leading documentary film-makers. Work shown at Museum of Modern Art. Box 460-C.

LADY, many interests, invites correspondence from refined, elderly gentleman. Box 461-C.

TEACHER: Young master of arts, in English, desires academic employment in mild climate. Thomas Coleman, 2155 Alta Ave., Louisville, Ky.

YOUNG WRITER will work on summer place in exchange for room, board, small salary. Typist. Box 463-C.

ADIRONDACKS—Small farm, remote, quiet. Own water, town electricity. 5-room log house, guest cabin, poultry house, many fruit and nut trees. 2 successful writers have lived here for 10 years and loved it. $10,000. Terms. Best, Fort Ann, N. Y.

VACATIONS

DAVID RANDOLPH and RANDOLPH SINGERS spending Decoration Day week-end at SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

SKY VALLEY RANCH gives you fine riding and fishing, good beds. Friendly, informal and small. Set in beautiful, quiet valley under the Continental Divide. Write for folder. William C. Mueller, Tabernash, Colo.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Adults only. Reasonable. Folder.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING. West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

BERMUDA: For rent: well furnished cottages on waterfront near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

LAKE GEORGE—Brand new housekeeping cabins, fully equipped, accommodate 4 to 8. Small private colony, near lake. Seasonal rentals. Box 468-C.

VACATION in Arcadia Cottage, Lake Dunmore, Vt. Private beach, excellent, reasonable rates. Box 382-C.

BEE AND THISTLE INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Picturesque. Write for folder.

2 VERMONT lakeside camp cottages available June, July, week or month, secluded, ideal family camping, moderate. Dr. Smith, Box 385, Short Hills, N. J.

"HANDS COVE FARM" on Lake Champlain. Shoreham, Vt. Brochure available.

DEUTSCH'S FARM, Canaan, N. Y. Comfort, good food, brook, record library, books. Heart of the Berkshires, near Tanglewood. Adults only. Open all year round.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 842

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. River at Charleston, W. Va.	63 101 100 69 114 164 38
B. An unsubstantial image; a phantom.	133 42 13 5 151 46 95
C. The making of new groupings.	52 138 129 34 94 44 109 123 59 78 71
D. City on left bank of the Nile opposite Khartoum.	2 161 8 175 183 58 107 32
E. Not characterized by cleverness or mental alertness.	104 148 135 50 90 154 113
F. With feeling (It. music direction, prefaced by "con").	31 174 121 182 118 108 57
G. Very small, hornless, deerlike ruminant mammals of tropical Asia, etc.	158 41 132 181 87 23 10 147 76 61 105
H. Scottish poet (1700-48; "The Masque of Alfred" containing "Rule Britannia").	53 72 103 85 43 35 166
I. American baseball manager in American League, 1918-29; Honor Roll, Baseball Hall of Fame.	119 6 111 167 14 142 77
J. Minor feminine character in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale."	45 137 82 7 124 20
K. English playwright and Shakespearean critic, hero of Pope's "Dunciad."	39 115 120 28 168 155 17 33
L. Relating to potherbs.	36 131 127 67 79 146 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Africa-born popular Negro woman poet, Boston and England (1753?-84).	66 98 180 25 40 176 162 126
N. Not remote from days gone by (2 wds.).	15 141 84 112 134 29 159 70
O. Russian composer, pupil of Rimski-Korsakov (1861-1906).	60 179 73 64 128 37 173
P. Act or process of forming meshes.	12 49 93 97 165 83 143
Q. Builder of the labyrinth where the Minotaur was confined (Gr. myth.).	62 170 116 18 51 22 3 9
R. In or to every part.	153 102 27 136 91 19 81 160 171 145
S. One of two brothers who led the Jutes' invasion of Southern Britain, about 449 A.D.	89 150 117 156 54 130 163
T. Octuple.	169 110 96 140 80 177 65 21 30
U. Section of Boston in which the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought.	4 56 99 47 125 75 144 139 16 24 55
V. A villain in one of Shakespeare's plays.	157 122 48 178
W. American painter (1849-1921; "Caritas," "Winter Sunrise, Monadnock," etc.).	172 68 11 152 88 74
X. Prolific English woman novelist (1823-1901; "The Prince and the Page").	26 86 92 149 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 L	2 D	3 Q	■	4 U	5 B	6 I	7 J	8 D	■	9 Q	10 G	11 W	12 P	13 B	■	14 I
15 N	■	16 U	17 K	18 Q	■	19 R	20 J	21 T	22 Q	23 G	24 U	25 M	26 X	■	27 R	28 K
29 N	30 T	■	31 F	32 D	33 K	■	34 C	35 H	36 L	37 O	■	38 A	39 K	■	40 M	41 G
42 B	43 H	■	44 C	45 J	46 B	47 U	48 V	49 P	■	50 E	51 Q	52 C	53 H	54 S	55 U	■
56 U	57 F	58 D	59 C	■	60 O	61 G	62 Q	■	63 A	64 O	65 T	66 M	■	67 L	68 W	69 A
70 N	■	71 C	72 H	73 O	74 W	75 U	■	76 G	77 I	■	78 C	79 L	80 T	81 R	82 J	83 P
84 N	■	85 H	86 X	87 G	88 W	■	89 S	90 E	91 R	92 X	93 P	94 C	95 B	96 T	■	97 P
98 M	99 U	100 A	■	101 A	■	102 R	103 H	104 E	105 G	106 X	■	107 D	108 F	■	109 C	110 T
111 I	112 N	113 E	■	114 A	115 K	116 Q	117 S	■	118 F	119 I	120 K	■	121 F	122 V	123 C	124 J
125 U	126 M	■	127 L	128 O	■	129 C	130 S	131 L	132 G	133 B	134 N	■	135 E	136 R	137 J	138 C
139 U	140 T	141 N	142 I	143 P	■	144 U	145 R	146 L	147 G	148 E	149 X	150 S	151 B	152 W	■	153 R
154 E	155 K	156 S	157 V	158 G	■	159 N	160 R	161 D	162 M	163 S	164 A	165 P	166 H	167 I	■	168 K
169 T	170 Q	171 R	172 W	173 O	174 F	175 D	176 M	■	177 T	178 V	179 O	180 M	181 G	182 F	183 D	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.

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Recommended to a very few—

IF YOU are one of the critical few who demand beautiful prose and a mature knowledge of human emotions as well as an excellent story, we especially recommend May Sarton's new novel, SHADOW OF A MAN. It is a story of a young man who was pure Boston Adams in spite of his French father . . . so afraid of love or an articulated emotion . . . so afraid of intensity, until he went to Paris in the Spring and there met Solange, the mysterious and irresistibly fascinating woman who had been his mother's friend. It was as if for years he hadn't known how to breathe, and now he could breathe . . . now he was a man come home from a long exile . . .

This is a story of love between a mature woman and a young, unknowing man who had to learn that love was not passion or possessiveness . . .

This, then, is the story of the education of a heart by

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